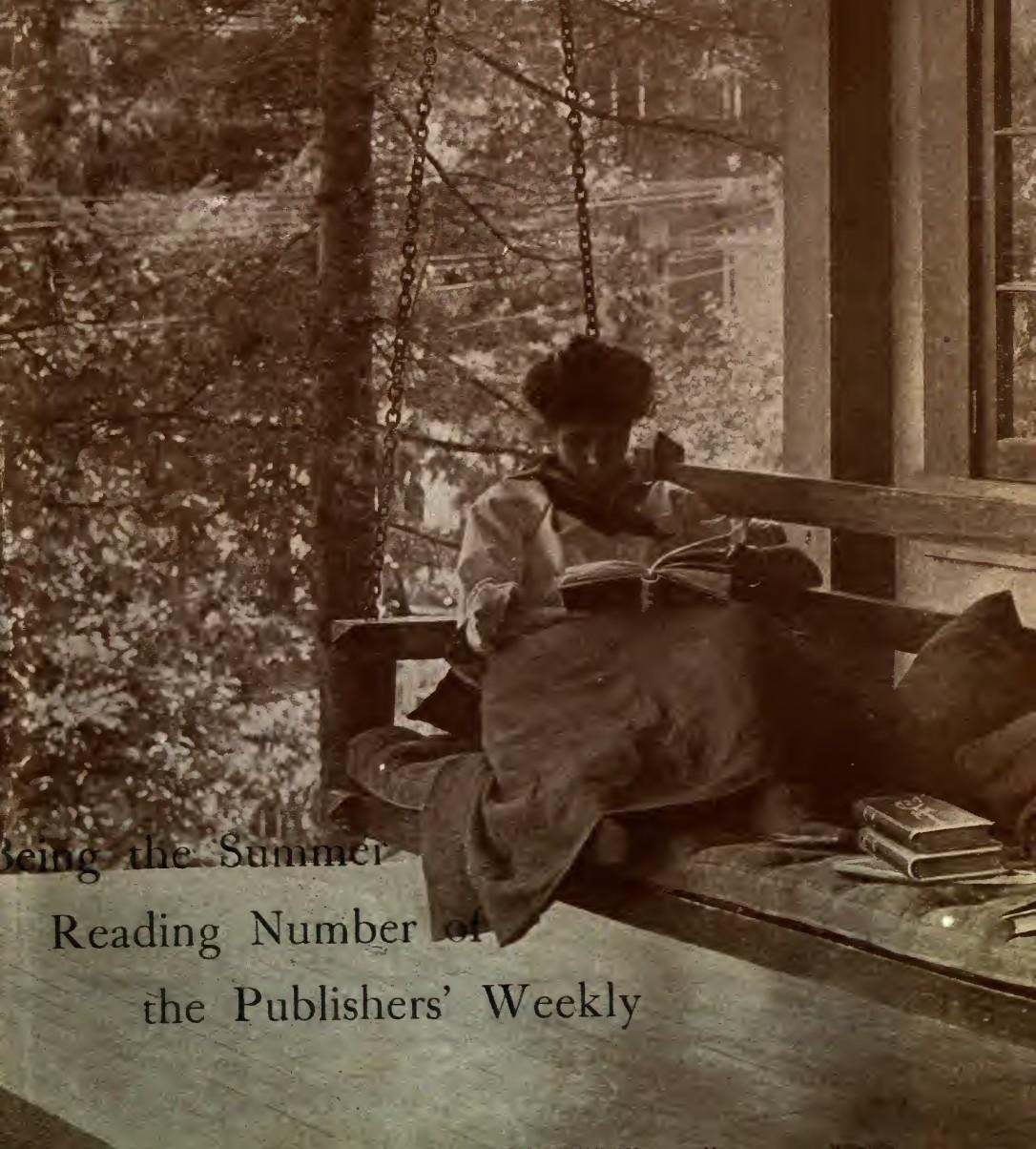


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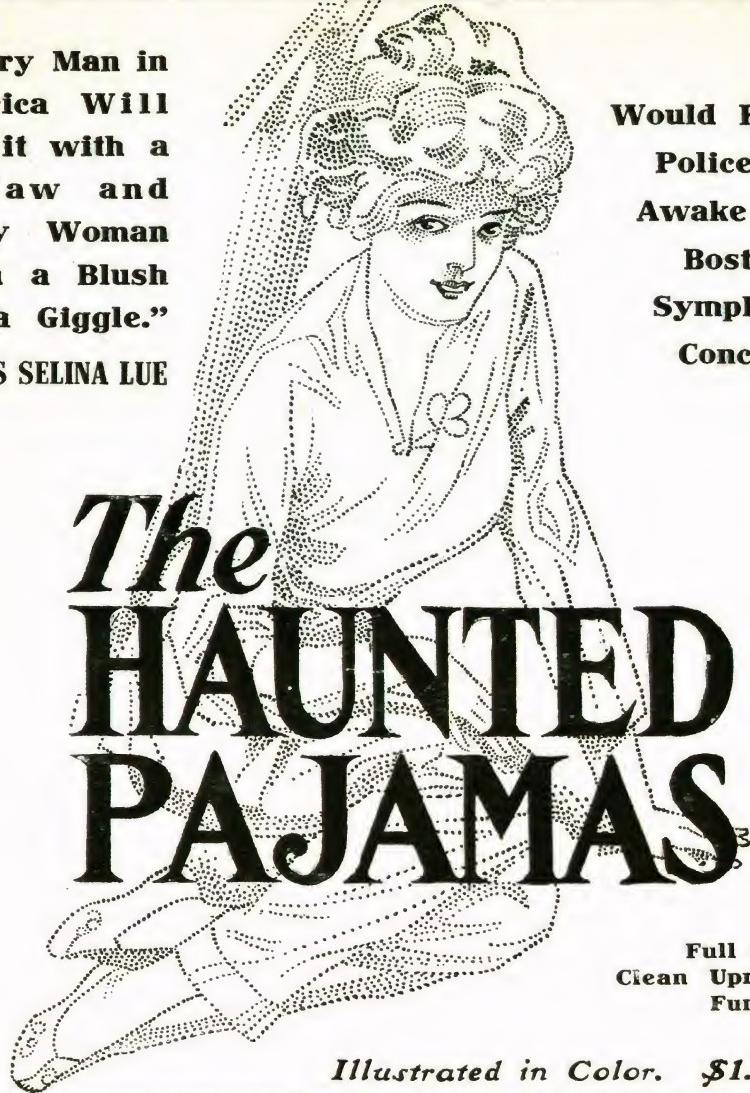
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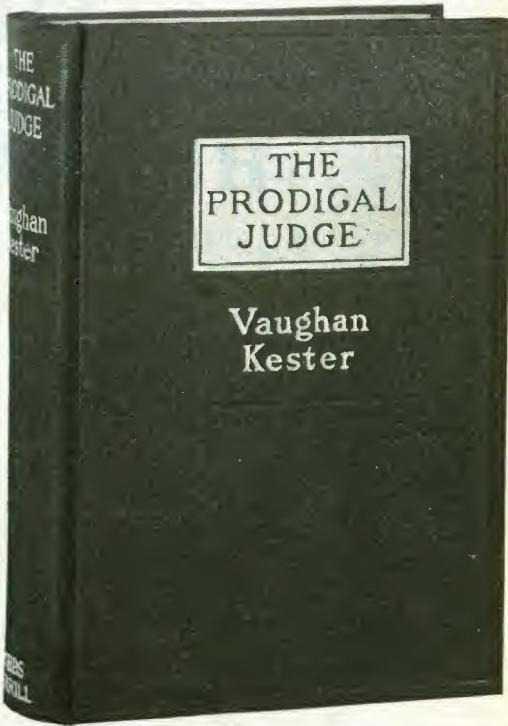
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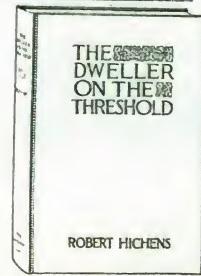
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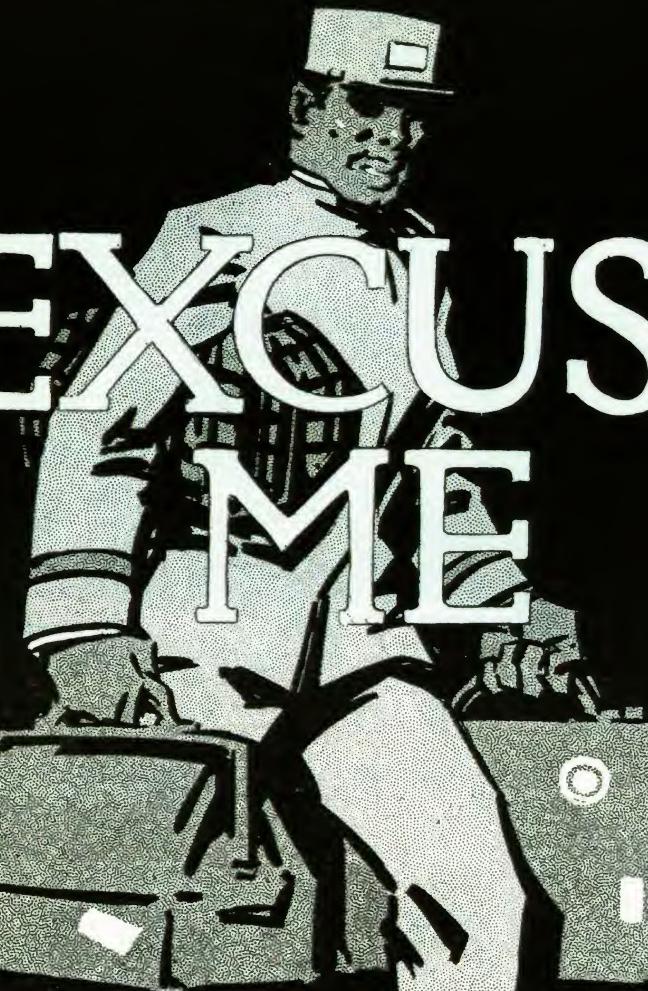
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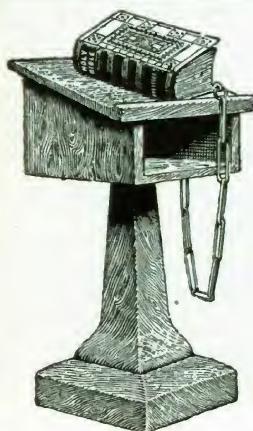
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EVERY year as our cities become more and more crowded the hegira to the country or the suburbs, not for the summer months alone, but for permanent residence is increasingly general. This movement is evidenced wherever we turn. The newspapers display most alluring houses for the summer occupancy of jaded city-dwellers. The magazine advertisements tempt the country liver with an amazing variety of agricultural implements, garden and flower seeds and plants, live stock ranging from poultry and pigs of portentous plumpness to cattle and horses. Even the department stores have joined the conspiracy to depopulate the cities, by offering special inducements to out-of-town purchasers.

Books naturally reflect this annual exodus back to nature, or rather are largely responsible for it, since so many of them are devoted to the dissemination of information about country life. First of the house itself—books of the type of Edward Payson Powell's "How to Live in the Country," telling where to go, what and how to build, and what to plant. Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton's "Adventures in Home Making" delightfully recounts the story of the

authors' transformation of an old farmhouse into a charming modern dwelling; while in "The Cabin" Stewart Edward White describes the building of a cabin home 6500 feet up toward the summit of a mountain in the Sierras. Practical if not ornamental details also receive attention, two books being particularly useful in this direction: "Home Waterworks," by Carleton J. Lynde, and "Plumbing and Household Sanitation," by John Pickering Putnam.

The conservation movement has stimulated an interest in rural life which is reflected in the book world in "The Fight for Conservation," by Gifford Pinchot, giving a complete survey of the subject; "The Report of the Commission on Country Life" and "The Rural Life Problem of the United States," by Sir Horace Plunkett, which emphasizes the idea that the city has developed at the expense of the country, and discusses the causes and remedies of this social malformation sanely and clearly.

The weightier matter of crops, dry-farming, dairying and stock raising all have volumes to their credit. The feature of country life which makes the most general appeal, however, is gardens, and books on this sub-

ject are, as usual, attractive and numerous. "A Whitepaper Garden," by Sara Andrew Shafer, describes month by month the garden she would have if circumstances did not tie her to the town and force her to take "reams of paper for acreage, and pen and ink as spade and trowel." Harry H. Thomas's "The Ideal Garden" is a handsomely illustrated book with much practical information. "Gardens Near the Sea," by Alice Lounsberry, is a beautiful volume with eight full-page color-plates and many illustrations in black and white, giving descrip-

telling how to build bird houses, where to put them, what food to scatter for the birds, and the various other methods by which they may be induced to take up their abodes with you is Gilbert H. Trafton's "Methods of Attracting Birds."

Travel always claims its devotees during the summer, Europe being the Mecca for most of these. This year the coronation of King George v. will send many good Americans hastening abroad. The publishers have generously met the demand for books of description and travel, books which will tell the pleasure seeker what he wants to know quickly and interestingly, guide-books, of course, but not mere dry recitals of facts and figures. The pictures in such works are, each year, growing to be more of a feature, so that they make delightful reminders of past journeys. "Old Country Inns of England," by H. P. Maskell and E. W. Gregory, classifies the inns according to the nature of their origin, and gives accurate descriptions of them, with historical facts and bits of legendary lore. John U. Higinbotham's "Three Weeks in the British Isles" records an actual trip taken in that limited time last year by the author and his wife. Their experiences are recounted with genuine American humor. A. T. and B. R. Wood tell in "Ribbon Roads" of a motor tour through Europe. James Forman's "The Ideal Italian Tour" will serve as companion and guide to the traveller in Italy, as well as supply a readable account of an Italian tour to the general reader. South America, Cuba, Mexico, the United States, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, in fact nearly every country in the world has one or more volumes devoted to it.

Colonel Roosevelt's "African Game Trails," his hunting narrative which met with far-reaching success in *Scribner's Magazine*, is out in book form, and is probably more or less responsible for the many other works on African travel and big game shooting which have appeared recently. "In Africa; Hunting Adventures in the Big Game Country," by John T. McCutcheon, the cartoonist, is an entertaining account of a hunting expedition, with many irresistably humorous drawings by the artist-author. Richard Tjader's "The Big Game of Africa" and "In the Heart of Africa," by the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, also cover this territory, as does Guy H. Scull's "Lassoing Wild Animals in Africa," an account of the adventures of Buffalo Jones and two cowboys.

Suggestively refreshing to the midsummer



From "Rambles in Spain."

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tions of successful gardens and advice as to how to make them. "The Practical Flower Garden," by Mrs. H. R. Ely, has copious details of the cost of plants, exact dates for planting, the number of plants required in a given space for beauty of effect, and many other things the garden maker should know, all illustrated from photographs, some of which are in color. The quaint old garden of our grandmothers, where grew the simples that went to the concocting of many a brew both helpful and horrid, and frequently, also, delightful, may be revived if the instructions contained in "The Herb Garden," by Frances A. Bardswell are carefully followed. Birds are so useful as insect destroyers that to have them numerous about the farm is a good thing from a business point of view, aside from the pleasure to be derived. A book



From "A Tenderfoot with Peary."

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AN ARCTIC FLORODORA SEXTETTE.

reader are the books on Arctic travel, which have been numerous recently, called forth, no doubt, by Robert E. Peary's "The North Pole," his account of his last wonderful and successful trip to the frozen North. "Hunting with the Eskimos," by Harry Whitney, is the unique record of a sportsman's year among the northernmost tribe, while George Borup's "A Tenderfoot with Peary" tells what the young Yale athlete, the youngest member of the famous expedition, saw, thought and did, with many touches of humor.

Sports and athletics also receive attention in the season's books. "At Home in the Water," by George H. Corsan, contains concise instruction as to swimming, diving, floating and water sports. Followers of Izaak Walton will find much to enjoy in A. H. Chayter's "Letters to a Salmon Fisher's

Sons," and Stephen Chalmers's "The Trail of a Tenderfoot." "Reminiscences of an Athlete," by Ellery Harding Clark, is an epitome of American athletic achievement for the past decade. Aerial navigation is the latest comer in the world of sport and works on the making of airships, and, more difficult still, the making them fly, are legion. In "The Aerial Age," by Walter Wellman, we have one of the first travel books to be written in which the airship is the means of locomotion. In "The New Art of Flying," by Waldemar Kaempffert, the reader may learn why flying-machines fly and the solution of many problems involved in aviation.

Any survey as brief as this of the outdoor literature of the year must necessarily omit many books worthy of mention. For these we would refer to the lists at the end of this issue.



From "A Tenderfoot with Peary."

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"TWAS FIDDLE IN THE FORC'S'LE—TWAS GARLANDS ON THE MAST."

Some of the Fiction offered for Summer Reading

VACATION time, with its long, lazy days, is almost here, and leisure to read is one of the most alluring prospects it holds out. Summer reading and fiction have come to be almost synonymous terms, and this year's offering of novels suitable for the holiday-makers is unusually large and varied. Just why novel reading should be regarded as in some way needing apology we cannot say; for our part, we think that a good, well-written story that adds to the gayety of nations is something to be more devoutly thankful for than the most erudite treatise on some subject of interest only to the limited number engaged in adding to the wisdom of nations, an ungrateful task at best.

Two novels come to us from France, which have met with great success at home and are being eagerly welcomed here. "Marie-Claire," by Marguerite Audoux, is a dainty idyl, really autobiographical, written by a Parisian seamstress, who, when she heard of the success of her book, said, "I am glad, for I am hungry." Of different calibre from this simple, charming tale is the other French work, "Jean-Christophe; Dawn, Morning, Youth, Revolt." The book is planned to be in ten volumes, and this translation contains four of them. It is a profound psychological study of a boy who from his earliest youth lived in music.

Gustave Frenssen, already known here through his earlier book, "Jörn Uhl," writes in "Klaus Hinrich Baas" the story of a self-made man, who rose from his humble peasant origin to the position of wealthy merchant, every step of his struggle being followed with remarkable fidelity to life.



A period of American history hitherto little written about, the South of 1830, is the setting of Vaughan Kester's new novel, "The Prodigal Judge," which is having, and deserving, wide success. Delightfully humorous, essentially American, with a hero, heroine and love story quite after the hearts of all true novel readers, no wonder it is selling well.

A first novel of great charm, and one which promises much for the future, is Henry Sydnor Harrison's "Queed," named for the hero, a queer pedantic little man who drifts mysteriously into a Southern city, and there applies himself to the writing of a learned tome on evolutionary sociology. He gradually awakes to the fact that he is in a world of people toward whom he has a distinct relation and duty, and his development thereafter makes a story full of humor, optimism and humanity.

Mary Johnston, whose "Prisoners of Hope" and "To Have and To Hold" delighted so many readers some years ago, is out with a new book, "The Long Roll," which explains her interim of silence. The first of two volumes, and this alone one of seven hundred pages, "The Long Roll" is a vivid and wonderfully sympathetic story of the Civil War from the Southern side, a strong novel and one that will last.

It is some years since a story came from Owen Wister's pen, but now every one who read "The Virginian" will be delighted to renew acquaintance in "Members of the Family" with Scipio Le Moyne and some others met with in the earlier book, who in this collection of short stories go on their wild, picturesque way regardless of consequences.

"The Caravaners," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," shows up delightfully the idiosyncrasies of the English and Germans, as it recounts in diary form what a German officer of rank, who with his pretty young wife joined a party in England, thought of the vagaries of the incomprehensible Britishers. Three first books of unusual merit are: "The Broad Highway," by Jeffery Farnol, an early nineteenth century tale with an unconventional hero who starts out on the broad highway of life to earn his living;



From "Thieves."

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"THE AMERICAN SYSTEM'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME."

"The Contessa's Sister," by Gardner Teall, a whimsical little tale with an Italian setting, which is suggestive of Henry Harland's work; and "One Way Out; a Middle-class New Engander Emigrates to America," by a writer whose personality is hidden under the pseudonym William Carleton.

Since our last year's "Summer Reading" three well-known writers of fiction have passed away. Sydney Porter, known and loved under his pseudonym, "O. Henry," died in June; David Graham Phillips was shot by a lunatic while on his way to his club one afternoon in January, and the Italian novelist, Antonio Fogazzaro's, death occurred in March. All three have books in this list. O. Henry's "Whirligigs," the choosing of the name for which was almost his last piece of work, is a collection of his humorous short stories; David Graham Phillips's "The Grain of Dust," a tale of New York life, defining the author's attitude toward the American woman and her peculiar status in the social scheme; and Fogazzaro's "Leila," a companion book rather than a sequel to his "The

Saint," with some of the same characters as were in the earlier story.

Owen Johnson's Lawrenceville stories, "The Varmint," "The Prodigious Hickey" and "The Humming Bird," won instant favor, and now he has another, "The Tennessee Shad," in which one of the boys of the school, known, on account of his extreme thinness, as "Tennessee Shad," combines with "Doc Macnooder," and in an uproariously funny series of schemes keep themselves supplied with money. A new book from Dr. Weir Mitchell is always an event, and this year we have his "John Sherwood, Ironmaster," the story of a man absorbed in business, who is forced by ill health to give up and live in the Maine woods. Here he meets the "one woman," and learns what life may hold of joy and accomplishment.

No list of fiction is complete which makes no mention of Arnold Bennett, whose stories of the "Five Towns" are being much read. "Clayhanger" tells of the life of Edwin Clayhanger from the time he leaves school to the time he is happily married, the author promising another book dealing with some of the same characters; and "Denry the Audacious" recounting how the hero achieved remarkable heights through his audacity, while always entertaining a secret fear that the world would discover how very simple and afraid he really was.

Before closing we might run over briefly a few of the more noteworthy of the season's offerings which lack of space only prevents our commenting on further. William De Morgan's "An Affair of Dishonor," an eighteenth century tale; "The Doctor's Christmas Eve," by James Lane Allen, the second of his promised trilogy; "Once Upon a Time," the first collection of short stories by Richard Harding Davis which has appeared for nine years; "The Dweller on the Threshold," by Robert Hichens, a tale of transferred personality; "Basset," by S. G. Tallentyre, a charming, rambling account of life in an English village; "Molly Make-Believe," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, one of the year's best-sellers; H. G. Wells's "The New Machiavelli," a story of English political life, and personal idiosyncrasies of the hero—a delightful book; "Brother Copas," by Quiller-Couch; and "The Canon in Residence," by Victor L. Whitechurch, who draws an entertaining picture of life in a cathedral town.

Mystery tales, automobile stories, travellers' adventures, fisherman's luck, and all the other many things that appeal to the summer reader will be found in the lists at the end of this issue. Among the many good wares, temptingly offered, every one should be able to find something to please him.



From Stewart Edward White's "The Cabin."

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Sample Bits From the Season's Best Books

CARLETON DISCOVERS THE WAY OUT.

From Carleton's "*One Way Out.*" (Small, Maynard & Co.)

A young New Englander of eighteen is left alone with no assets but a common-school education and a sound physique. He drifted into a salaried position in the United Woolen Company, and at twenty-six married Ruth, aged eighteen, just the girl needed for a "helpmate." Consolidation, progressive scientific business, etc., brought changes to the woolen company, and the "perpetual clerk" was eliminated. After being "out of work" till desperate he thinks out a solution which he defines to the woman who had a genius for wifehood as follows:

I FOUND Ruth in the sitting-room with her chin in her hands and her white forehead knotted in a frown. She didn't hear me come in, but when I touched her arm she jumped up, ashamed to think I had caught her looking even puzzled. But at sight of my face her expression changed in a flash.

"Oh, Billy, she cried, "it's good news?"

"It's a way out—if you approve," I answered.

"I do, Billy," she answered, without waiting to hear.

"Then listen," I said. "If we were living in England or Ireland or France or Germany and found life as hard as this and some one left us five hundred dollars what would you advise doing?"

"Why, we'd emigrate, Billy," she said instantly.

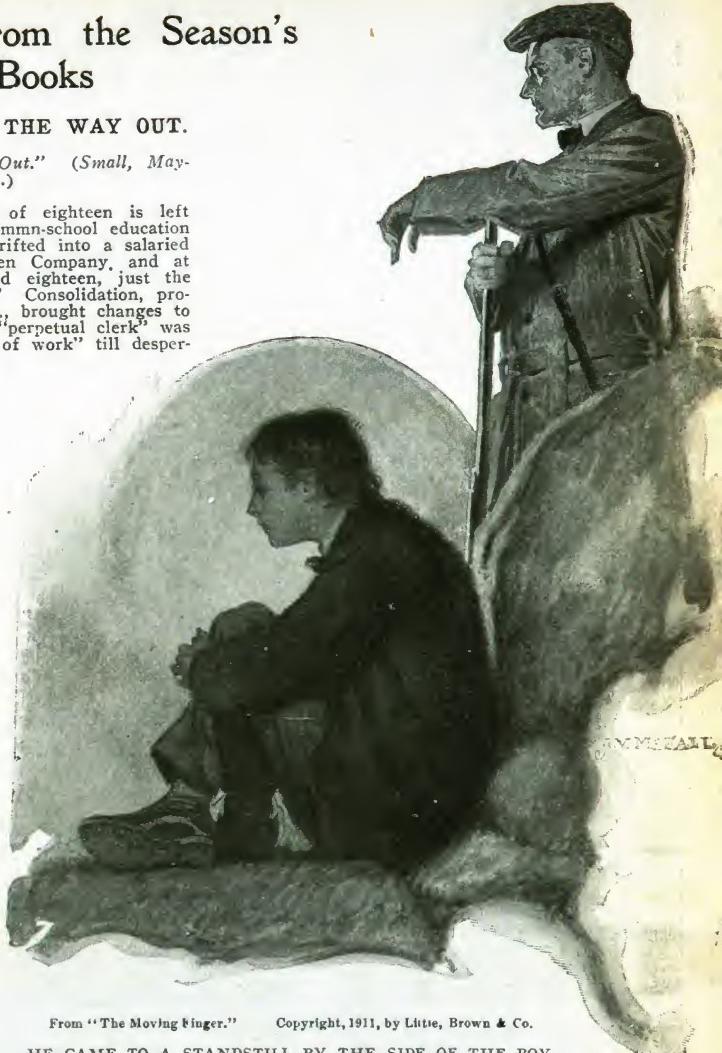
"Exactly. Where to?"

"To America."

"Right," I cried. "And we'd be one out of a thousand if we didn't make good, wouldn't we?"

"Why, every one succeeds who comes here from somewhere else," she exclaimed.

"And why do they?" I demanded, getting excited with my idea. "Why do they? There are a dozen reasons. One is because they come as pioneers—with all the enthusiasm and eagerness of adventurers. Life is fresh and romantic to them over here. Hardships only add zest to the game. Another reason is that it is all a fine big gamble to them. They have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It's the same spirit that drives young New Englanders out west to try their luck to preempt homesteads in the Northwest, to till the prairies. Another reason is that they



From "*The Moving Finger.*" Copyright, 1911, by Little, Brown & Co.

HE CAME TO A STANDSTILL BY THE SIDE OF THE BOY.

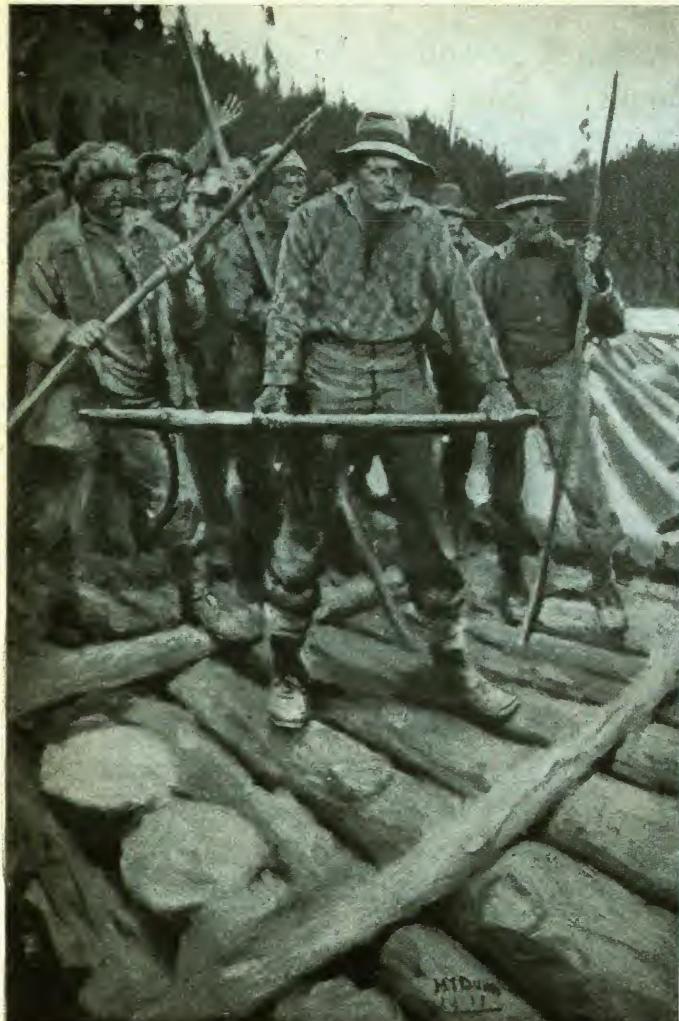
come over here free—unbound by conventions. They can work as they please, live as they please. They haven't any caste to hamper them. Another reason is that, being on the same great adventure, they are all brothers. They pull together. Still another reason is that as emigrants the whole United States stands ready to help them with schools and playgrounds and hospitals and parks."

I paused for breath. She cut in excitedly: "Then we're going out west?"

"No; we haven't the capital for that. By selling all our things we can pay our debts and have a few dollars over, but that wouldn't take us to Chicago. I'm not going ten miles from home."

"Where then, Billy?"

"You've seen the big ships come in along the water-front? They are bringing over hundreds of emigrants every year and landing them right on those docks. These people



From "Barbara of the Snows."

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GRAY OF FACE AND LIPS TWITCHING—CARDIFF WITH A HEAVY PEAVEY IN HIS HANDS.

have had to cross the ocean to reach that point, but our ancestors made the voyage for you and me two hundred years ago. We're within ten miles of the wharf now."

She couldn't make out what I meant.

"Why, wife o' mine," I ran on, "all we need to do is to pack up, go down to the dock and start from there. We must join the emigrants and follow them into the city. These are the only people who are finding America to-day. We must take up life among them; work as they work; live as they live. Why, I feel my back muscles straining even now; I feel the tingle of coming down the gangplank with our fortunes yet to make in this land of opportunity. Pasquale has done it; Murphy has done it. Don't you think I can do it?"

She looked up at me. I had never seen her face more beautiful. It was flushed and eager.

THE WEIGHT OF BACHELORHOOD.

From Grimshaw's "When the Red Gods Call." (Moffat, Y.)

Hugh Lynch, an Irishman, full of lawlessness and courage, has sought fortune with some success in New Guinea, where he marries a native girl, who is carried off by one Sanderson. Hugh follows them and kills Sanderson, but the girl is drowned. Later he meets Stephanie Hammond, daughter of the Governor, falls in love with and marries her. On the day they set sail on their honeymoon a former admirer of Stephanie's turns up with evidence of the murder of Sanderson and arrests Hugh. Stephanie returns to England without again seeing her husband, and it is ten years before they meet and through a series of thrilling adventures find their happiness once more. Hugh Lynch's old friend envies him his fate.

"LOOK-A-HERE, boy," he said, dropping weightily on a chair, and staring down at his bare sunburned feet—"it's true for white men and for black, what Omai said. When a man's gettin' old, without he has children, he's no more account than a crab in a mud'ole by itself. Fellers don't understand that, not till they're gettin' on. When you're five-and-twenty, you says you'd like to see the woman as could put your neck into the collar—meanin' you wouldn't like to, and don't intend to. When you're a bit more, and you see the other fellers worried and with wives that's cross and overworked, and kept awake with cryin' babies, and washin' hangin' all over the 'ouse, and little nippers screamin' and fightin' in the yard, and the feller's tobaccy goin' to pay for Jinny's boots, and 'is bit of money that he was keepin' for the Cup, ate up by Tommy's measles—well, you says to yourself—'A young man married is a young man marred': thank God I've 'ad the sense to keep me family all under me 'at,' says you.

"An' the time goes on some more, and the girls is not as fond of you as they was, but still there's some that's ugly, or a bit the worse for wear, keeps on smilin' sweet as sugar at you, and you goes about sayin' to yourself that you're the devil of a fellow, but that they don't catch this bird with chaff, and you're proud of yourself. And then all of a sudden there's no more girls, and they don't want you at swarrees, and when there's a

picnic to the bush, or a drive to the seaside in brakes, according whether it's Australyer or 'ome, and you goes to take a ticket, they says --"Who do you want it for?"

"And the Jinneys and the Tommies is grown up, and walks about with their fathers, which you thought was quite young fellers same as you till you see that, and then you've got to believe they ain't--same as you."

"So now you thinks--'Well, if I'm gettin' old, I'm gettin' wise--law, the 'eaps of things I've seen, and the troubles I could keep young chaps out of, if they'd listen to me,'--and you gets 'auntin' round the lads of twenty, and tryin' to give them advice, same as if you was their father--but there you ain't no one's father, and no one wants to 'ear you gab."

"And you keeps gettin' older, and now it's the young fellers of thirty you've a likin' for, because that's the age our Billys and Tommies would have been, if you'd 'ad all them little kids screamin' and wakin' you up of nights, and eatin' and wearin' your tobaccy and your drinks, same as your mates that you was sorry for. And per'aps you're fool enough to get fond of one of them, but just as like as not 'e says to 'imself quiet-like, when you're on the gab, that you're a bloomin' old nuisance any'ow, and

— Boy, boy, you don't know 'ow strong you are, don't never clap me on the back again like that. O Lord, Hugh, you've fair knocked the life out of me!"

"Just what you deserve for talking rot!" I said, as he leaned over his chair and coughed, with a certain dampness about his eyes that I don't think the cough was accountable for. We reached out suddenly for each other's hands, and executed a mutual shake.



A PIRATE SURPRISE PARTY.

From Horace Smith's "War Maker," (McClurg.)

Captain George B. Boynton was a famous soldier of fortune who died in New York in January last. He began his adventures in the Civil War on the Union side, then resigned, and as his sympathies were with the South, he became a blockade runner, Charleston being his point of attack. Later he fought in Cuba, Latin America, Spain, in fact anywhere that there was adventure, fighting and gain. The Chinese and Malay pirates also came in for a share of his attention, and he organized several expeditions against them.

Our first experience was a profitable one. When near the "hunting grounds" we lowered the smoke-stack, got up our canvas and sailed along awaiting develop-

ments. We were getting in among the islands when we met a big junk which had just looted and scuttled a richly laden Brazilian barkentine. She had much more than enough on board to pay her for one trip, but cupidity got the better of her commander and he put about and came after us, thinking we were only a trading schooner but might have something on board worth taking. We made a pretence of trying to get away, which we could have done, for the "Leckwith" footed fast even under sail, but in reality we eased our sheets to hasten matters along. When he was close astern of us, with the wind abeam, we luffed up, got our guns ready for action in a jiffy and, as we crossed his bows, raked him fore and aft with our carronades, which were loaded almost to the muzzle with slugs and nails. Before he could change his course, with his decks littered with dead and mangled, we came about and gave him a broadside at close quarters, along with a deadly rifle fire from the hitherto unseen members of the crew who had been concealed in the 'tween decks. He replied to this blast with a lot of stink-pots, only a few of which came aboard and were tossed into the sea before any ill effects were felt from their nauseating fumes, and a weak and poorly directed fire



From "The Suffragette."

A RAID ON THE HOUSE.

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from his guns. Taken completely by surprise and with more than half of their number littering the reddened deck, the pirates were panic-stricken. Before they could regain their senses we came about again and gave them another broadside which took all the fight out of them, if there had been any left, and put them at our mercy. As we ranged alongside, keeping up a rifle fire but disdaining any further use of our guns, they managed to launch a couple of boats and all who could get into them pulled for the nearest island. When we threw our grappling irons and hauled in on them the few survivors who had strength enough left to get to the rail threw themselves overboard and swam for it.



GAY HOLDS UP A POACHER.

From Ellen Glasgow's
*"The Miller of Old
Church."* (Doubleday, P.)

The story unfolds itself among contemporary Virginians, whom the author knows and depicts with sureness, sympathy and humor. Jonathan Gay, who thinks strict English game laws hold good on his American land, and the poacher Archie Revercomb have a difference of opinion, in which both hold their own valiantly.

The assumption of justice angered Gay far more than the original poaching had done. To be flouted in his own pasture on the subject of his own game by a handsome barbarian, whom he had caught red-handed in the act of stealing, would have appealed irresistibly to his sense of humour, if it had not enraged him.

"All the same I give you fair warning," he retorted, "that the next time I find you trespassing on my land, I'll have the law after you."

"The law—bosh! Do you think I'm afraid of it?"

Somewhere at the back of Gay's brain, a curtain was drawn, and he saw as clearly as if it were painted in water colour, an English landscape and a poacher, who had been caught with a stolen rabbit, humbly pulling the scant locks on his forehead. Well, this was one of the joys of democracy, doubtless, and he was in for the rest of them. These people had got the upper hand certainly, as Aunt Kesiah had complained.

"If you think I'll tamely submit to open robbery by such insolent rascals as you, you're mistaken, young man," he returned.

The next instant he sprang aside and knocked up Archie's gun, which had been levelled at him. The boy's face was white under his sunburn, and the feathers on the partridges that hung from his shoulder trembled as though a strong wind were blowing.

"Rascal, indeed!" he stammered, and spat on the ground after his words in the effort to get rid of the taste of them, "as if the whole country doesn't know that you're another blackguard like your uncle before you. Ask any decent woman in the neighbourhood if she would have been seen in his company!"

His rage choked him suddenly, and before he could speak again the other struck him full in the mouth.

"Take that and hold your tongue, you young savage!" said Gay, breathing hard as he drew back his arm.

Then as he stooped for his gun, which he had laid down, a shot passed over his head and whizzed lightly across the meadow.

"The next time I'll take better aim," called Archie, turning away. "I'll shoot as straight as the man who gave your uncle his deserts down at Poplar Spring!"

Whistling to his dogs, he ran on for a short distance; then vaulting the rail fence, he disappeared into the tangle of willows beside the stream which flowed down from the mill.

While he watched him the anger in Gay's face faded slowly into disgust.

"Now I've stirred up a hornet's nest," he thought, annoyed by his impetuosity. "Who, I wonder, was the fellow, and what a fool—what a tremendous fool I have been!"

With his love of ease, of comfort, of popularity, the situation appeared to him to be almost intolerable.

The whole swarm would be at his head now, he supposed; for instead of silencing the angry buzzing around his uncle's memory, he had probably raised a tumult which would deafen his own ears before it was over. Here, as in other hours and scenes, his resolve had acted less as a restraint than as a spur which had impelled him to the opposite extreme of conduct.

Still rebuking his impulsiveness, he shouldered his gun again, and followed slowly in the direction Archie had taken.



From "Talleyrand the Man." Copyright, 1911, by Dana Estes & Co.

MADAME GRAND, PRINCESSE DE TALLEYRAND.

BRAXTON BRAGG GIVES THE LIE.

From J. Trotwood Moore's "Jack Ballington, Forester." (Winston.)

This story, by the author of "The bishop of Cottontown," concerns the fortunes of Jack Ballington of Tennessee, who prefers trees to battles, and on account of his gentle life and lack of fighting qualities seems in danger of losing his heritage and the girl he loves. Then the Spanish War breaks out and Jack enlists as a private, goes to the Philippines and proves that he is a true descendant of his fighting ancestors in the many dramatic incidents in which he is an actor. Just after he enlists he gives the first inkling of his real spirit.

AFTER I had enlisted I wanted to see the homestead again, the hickories that Eloise and I had loved, and to bid my old grandsire farewell.

He was sitting under his favorite elm tree smoking when I rode up. I did not see who was with him until I had dismounted and stood before him, hat off, holding my horse's reins.

Then I saw that it was Braxton Bragg who was talking excitedly and loudly; and I knew that he had been drinking. He did not speak to me nor see me. The old man did not know me in the gathering darkness.

"I'm going as a private, Grandfather; General Hawthorne has already offered me the rank you suggest—but—"

"You damned mooning fool, you shall not do it!" he cried. "No Rutherford ever went to any war a private. Tut-tut—I'll fix that. You are now my grandson, Jack."

His voice fell. He spoke through tears. "Your mother, Jack—Emily—ay, my boy—I can see her now with her sweet dreamy eyes of poetry, the finely chiseled half sad face of religion, the heart of romance and of sorrow. I loved her best of them all—Jack—and you are her son—my grandson."

"Grandfather," I said, "I thank you, and I shall try to be worthy of you and of my mother and my father who died a gentleman. But I shall ask only for this horse, for our General to ride, and that he shall be near me, for I promised Eloise I would always care for him. She gave him to me," I added.

Instantly Braxton Bragg was on his feet.

"Eloise never owned him. Why, it's what I have come by for, Grandfather. What you had just promised me I could have when he rode up." He came up to me, catching at the reins. "No sir, you shall never ride him off this place, he is mine."

My grandfather rose and stood between us. "Sit down, Braxton Bragg," he said angrily. "You've been drinking, and you've not too much sense when you are sober. Now, I had forgotten—I forgot so much of late: come to think of it, it was Eloise's horse, no one else could touch him, and the way that girl could ride him—no—no—if she gave him to Jack he shall have him."

"He has lied," Braxton Bragg cried, pushing the old man angrily aside to shoulder up to me. "He is lying. She didn't give him the horse—"

My fist shut the rest of his words in his mouth. I felt the cut of his teeth where my knuckles struck them as I sent him suddenly full length on the ground.

He tried to rise, drawing his Colt's. But



From "Jack Ballington Forester."

Copyright, 1911, by John C. Winston Co.

"LOVE IS NOT LOVE THAT ALTERS."

my grandfather struck it from his hand with his crutch, knocking the weapon across the road.

Cursing he tried to rise, but I was on him, my knee on his breast, his two arms pinned to the ground.

"Grandfather," I said, "I don't want to hurt him, but you heard him give me the lie."

"I did," said the old man grimly. "I did, and I waited to see if you would strike. If you had not, I was going to knock you down with my crutch! Mount your horse and go to war, Jack Ballington, my grandson; for by the living God I know now I'll have a fighter in that war worthy the name of Rutherford when this cur turns coward and quits!"



JOYCE LEARNS WHAT HER HUSBAND IS.

From Harriet T. Comstock's "Joyce of the North Woods." (Doubleday, Page.)

Up in an isolated North Woods village, amid primitive men and women and a few strayed souls from the outside, the store of Joyce Birkdale and John Gaston unrolls itself. Joyce, married by her father to a drunken rascal of the place, awakens to real womanhood in the realization that she loves

this stranger with the unknown past. One night in terror of her life, she flees to his cabin for protection—and stays there, to the scandal of the simple community, but to the regeneration of Gaston, who treats her as his sister. The way in which this tangled relation evolves is a study of the human heart and its aspirations.

LIKE a burning flash she seemed to see two things: Jude's true understanding of her blundering words; and her possible future, after she had made him understand. For, of course, she must go back and make him understand, and then—well, after such a scene, a woman's life was never safe in St. Ange. It was like a taste of blood to a wild animal. Still she must go back. In all the world there was nothing else for her to do.

Her face stung and throbbed, her arm ached where Jude had crushed the tender flesh. She leaned against the tree that had added to her pain, and wept miserably for very self pity. She was downed and beaten. After all she was to be like the rest of St. Ange women.

Sounds roused her. Strange, terrific sounds.

What was Jude doing?

Trembling in every limb, she went forward and peered through the rose-vine into the room.

The rain was cooling her face and the wind was clearing the agonized brain.

Inside, the scene struck terror to the watcher's heart.

Jude was crashing the furniture to pieces in a frenzy of revenge.

The chairs were dashed against the chimney; the books hurled near and far. One almost hit the white face among the vines, as it went crashing outward.

Then Jude attacked the pictures—her beautiful pictures!

The mountain peak was shattered by a blow from the remnant of the little rocker, then the ocean picture fell with the sound of splintered glass. Last the Madonna! Joyce clutched her heart as the heavenly face was obliterated by the savage blow. Then, maddened still further by his own excesses, Jude laughed and struck with mighty force the lamp from the table—and the world was in blackness!



BEATEN BY A CLOUD.

From Pemberton's "White Motley." (Sturgis & W.)

Sir Luton Delayne, an absolutely worthless Englishman, has a very charming wife, who after some years of misery leaves him. She supplies him with money, but refuses to have anything further to do with him. Going to Andana, Switzerland, one winter, she believes she has successfully eluded Sir Luton, only to find he is staying in a neighboring town. There are many pleasant people in Andana, who find Lady Delayne a great addition to their gayeties, and one man, Benjamin Benson, an aviator, falls in love with her. All his resource and chivalry are



From "Miss Livingston's Companions."

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LET THE TOAST PASS!"



From "To Love and to Cherish,"
Little, Brown & Co.

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SHE SAT DOWN ON A RUSTIC BENCH IN THE
GRAPE-ARBOR AND BEGAN TO SHELL PEAS.

called into play to shield her and her wretched husband from the consequences of the latter's rash acts. Benson takes part in an over-the-Alps airplane race.

He had reached a point where he should have been able to look right up the Valley of the Rhone; but the view was obscured by those banks of white cloud which had drifted in the valley since dawn, and were still to be reckoned with. He entered the first of them, and was subject once more to all the dread and despair which had afflicted him at Zermatt. A sense of direction was lost as heretofore; vast shadows appeared to pursue him; he raced his engine that he might escape them, but they pressed on the more. Then, in an instant, the way would be clear, the sun shining brightly, the valley below him a smiling scene to summon him to victory.

It was but such a little way, and victory stood so near. When the cloud enveloped him for the third time that day, he tried to soar above it, and succeeded for a little while; but the vapour was mounting also and it would interpose a curtain between him and the earth, so that direction was alternately lost and found, while he himself became soaked to the skin and began to lose the use of his hands. Now, surely, he thought that he was done for; but still he headed for Andana and the slopes, and said that all must be risked in that final descent. Henceforth, it was a race between the endurance of the man and the machine, and the magnitude of the cloud. He heard an ominous misfire in

his engine, and shivered as though a cold hand had touched him. The great white sea of vapour below forbade him to see whether he were then above Visp or Sierre; nor did the contour of the valley shape as he had expected. So a woful sense of defeat took possession of him anew; his numbed hands permitted the ship to rock horribly; he went down a hundred feet, but feared the walls of the valley; rose again, and reeled in his seat. He was a beaten man by now, hardly able to raise a hand to a lever; the great white sea had done for him, and he knew it.

Here irony stepped in, and with a weird interposition which would have delighted a cynic. While his machine rolled and sagged in the mists a sound of human voices came up to him from below. He thought that he heard cheers, the hooting of horns, and the crack of a revolver shot. As swiftly as the sounds arose they died away, and the stillness became supreme. He felt that he must come down whatever the cost. The great prize was lost, and with it the hope of the years. And at this tears of a bitter sorrow welled to the man's eyes. Defeated! Yes, that was the truth, and the world would know the story to-morrow, and forget him in a week. What mattered it that he had done so much? Was not victory his all in all? And he was beat—dead beat—by the cloud which mocked him. Almost with a sob he made a last effort and began to come down. The ground below him, emerging suddenly, showed a steep bank of snow with pine-woods above it. There he ran his ship, and as she came to rest he buried his face in his hands and wept aloud.

5

CLEMENTINA AND QUIXTUS DISCUSS DISTASTES.

From Locke's "Clementina." (Lane.)

Clementina Wing is a portrait painter of great power. An early tragedy had changed her from a happy care-free girl to a woman who lived for her work, careless of conventions and her appearance. To her to be painted comes Dr. Quixtus, a precise and courteous gentleman of the old school whose chief interest is archeology. His sittings are not seasons of unmixed joy as Clementina has a caustic tongue.

"You know a friend of mine, Vandermeer," said he.

Clementina shook her head.

"Never heard the name."

He explained. Vandermeer was a journalist. He had interviewed her and lunched with her at a restaurant.

Clementina could not remember. At last her knitted brow cleared.

"Good lord, do you mean a half starved, foxy-faced man with his toes through his boots?"

"The portrait is unflattering," said he, "but I'm afraid there's a kind of resemblance."

"He looked so hungry and *was* so hungry—he told me—that I took him to the ham-and-beef shop round the corner and stuffed his head with copy while he stuffed himself with ham and beef. To say that he lunched with me at a restaurant is infernal impudence."

"Poor fellow," said Quixtus. "He has to live rather fatly in imagination so as to make

up for the meagreness of his living in reality. It's only human nature."

"Bah," said Clementina, "I believe you'd find human nature in the devil."

Quixtus smiled one of his sweet smiles.

"I find it in you, Clementina," he said.

Thus it may be perceived that the sittings were not marked by the usual amenities of the studio. The natures of the two were antagonistic. He shrank from her downrightness; she disdained his ineffectuality. Each bore with the other for the sake of past association.

"I call that abnormal," said Clementina, "and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

And that was the end of that conversation.



SYBIL GIVES A FIRST LESSON IN LOVE.

*From H. G. Wells's "The New Machiavelli."
(Duffield.)*

As the Machiavelli of history in the 16th century after being sent into retirement, laid bare the sins of his generation in drastic language, so this "New Machiavelli," after renouncing the great prizes England offers to her successful statesmen who have proved leaders, goes into retirement and writes his views of English statesmanship to-day. Modern education and the daily more complicated problem of woman since she has broken loose from her conventional moorings are specially discussed. One of his cousins plays a part in his emotional education.

It must have been on my third visit that Sybil took me in hand. Hitherto I seemed to have seen her only in profile, but now she became almost completely full face, manifestly regarded me with those violet eyes of hers.

When young men are looked at by pretty cousins, they become intensely aware of those cousins.

We walked round the garden somewhen that morning and talked about Cambridge. She asked quite a lot of questions about my work and my ambitions. She said she had always felt sure I was clever.

The conversation languished a little, and we picked some flowers for the house. Then she asked if I could run. I conceded her various starts and we raced up and down the middle garden path. Then, a little breathless, we went into the new twenty-five guinea summer-house at the end of the herbaceous border.

We sat side by side, pleasantly hidden from the house, and she became anxious about her hair, which was slightly and prettily disarranged, and asked me to help her with the adjustment of a hairpin. I had never in my life been so near the soft curly hair and the dainty eyebrow and eyelid and warm soft cheek of a girl, and I was stirred——

It stirs me now to recall it.

I became a battleground of impulses and inhibitions.

"Thank you," said my cousin, and moved a little away from me.

She began to talk about friendship, and lost her thread and forgot the little electric stress between us in a rather meandering analysis of her principal girl friends.

But afterwards she resumed her purpose.

I went to bed that night with one proposition overshadowing everything else in my mind, namely, that kissing my cousin Sybil was a difficult, but not impossible achievement. I do not recall any shadow of a doubt whether on the whole it was worth doing. The thing had come into my existence, disturbing and interrupting its flow exactly as a fever does. Sybil had infected me with herself.

The next day matters came to a crisis in the little upstairs sitting-room which had been assigned me as a study during my visit. I was working up there, or rather trying to



From "Clementina."

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THE OUTER EDGE OF THE TERRACE ALLURED THEM.

citations; but each drew a breath of relief when freed from the presence of the other. Although he was a man of wide culture beyond the bounds of his own particular subject, and could talk well in a half-humorous, half-pedantic manner, her influence often kept him as dumb as a mummy. This irritated Clementina still further. She wanted him to talk, to show some animation, so that she could seize upon something to put upon the dismaying canvas. She talked nonsense, in order to stimulate him.

"To live in the past as you do without any regard for the present is as worthless as to go to bed in a darkened room and stay there for the rest of your life. It's the existence of a mole, not of a man."

He indicated, with a wave of the hand, a Siennese *predella* on the wail. "You go to the past."

"For its lessons," said Clementina. "Because the Old Masters can teach me things. How on earth do you think I should be able to paint you if it hadn't been for Velasquez? To say nothing of the aesthetic side. But you only go to the past to satisfy an idle curiosity."

"Perhaps I do, perhaps I do," he assented, mildly. "A knowledge of the process by which a prehistoric lady fashioned her petticoat out of skins by means of a flint needle and reindeer sinews would be of no value to Worth or Paquin. But it soothes me personally to contemplate the intimacies of the toilette of the prehistoric lady."

work in spite of the outrageous capering of some very primitive elements in my brain, when she came up to me, under a transparent pretext of looking for a book.

I turned round and then got up at the sight of her. I quite forgot what our conversation was about, but I know she led me to believe I might kiss her. Then when I attempted to do so she averted her face.

"How could you?" she said; "I didn't mean that!"

That remained the state of our relations for two days. I developed a growing irritation with and resentment against cousin Sybil, combined with an intense desire to get that kiss for which I hungered and thirsted. Cousin Sybil went about in the happy persuasion that I was madly in love with her, and her game, so far as she was concerned, was played and won. It wasn't until I had fretted for two days that I realized that I was being used for the commonest form of excitement possible to a commonplace girl; that dozens perhaps of young men had played the part of Tantalus at cousin Sybil's lips. I walked about my room at nights, damning her and calling her by terms which on the whole she rather deserved, while Sybil went to sleep pitying "poor old Dick!"

"Damn it!" I said, "I will be equal with you."

But I never did equalize the disadvantage, and perhaps it's as well, for I fancy that sort of revenge cuts both people too much for a rational man to seek it.

"Why are men so silly?" said cousin Sybil next morning, wriggling back with down-bent head to release herself from what should have been a compelling embrace.

"Confound it!" I said with a flash of clear vision. "You started this game."

"Oh!"

She stood back against a hedge of roses, a little flushed and excited and interested, and ready for the delightful defensive if I should renew my attack.

"Beastly hot for scuffling," I said, white with anger. "I don't know whether I'm so keen on kissing you, Sybil, after all. I just thought you wanted me to."

I could have whipped her, and my voice stung more than my words.

Our eyes met; a real hatred in hers leaping up to meet mine.

"Let's play tennis," I said, after a moment's pause.

"No," she answered shortly, "I'm going indoors."

"Very well."

And that ended the affair with Sybil.



DAWN DEFENDS HER HUSBAND.

From Ferber's "Dawn O'Hara." (Stokes.)

Dawn O'Hara is an Irish-American newspaper woman in New York. She married dissolute, brilliant Peter Orme, who after making her life a misery, at last goes insane. Dawn goes on working to support herself and her husband, then has a nervous breakdown and has to rest for months. When she is well she goes back to newspaper work, this time in Milwaukee, where she has romantic experiences always spiced by her keen sense of humor. A German doctor loves Dawn and wants her to divorce Orme.

"You can call that unfortunate wretch your husband! He does not know that he has a wife. He will not know that he has lost a wife. Come, Dawn—small one—be not so foolish. You do not know how happy I will make you. You have never seen me except when I was tortured with doubts and fears. You do not know what our life will be together. There shall be everything to make you forget—everything that thought and love and money can give you. The man there in the barred room—"

At that I took his dear hands in mine and held them close as I miserably tried to make him hear what that still voice had told me.

"There! That is it! If he were free, if he were able to stand before men that his actions might be judged fairly and justly, I should not hesitate for one single, precious moment. If he could fight for his rights, or relinquish them, as he saw fit, then this thing would not be so monstrous. But, Ernest, can't you see? He is there, alone, in that dreadful place, quite helpless, quite incapable, quite at our mercy. I should as soon think of hurting a little child, or snatching the pennies from a blind man's cup. The thing is



From "Phrynette" Copyright, 1911 by J. B. Lippincott Co.

"I THINK I MAY PUT UP MY HAIR NOW."

inhuman! It is monstrous! No state laws, no red tape can dissolve such a union."

"You still care for him!"

"Ernest!"

His face was very white with the pallor of repressed emotion, and his eyes were like the blue flame that one sees flashing above a bed of white-hot coals.

"You do care for him still. But yes! You can stand there, quite cool—but quite—and tell me that you would not hurt him, not for your happiness, not for mine. But me you can hurt again and again, without one twinge of regret."

MRS. McDUGAL WELCOMES AN OLD FRIEND.

From *Bosher's "Miss Gibbie Gault."* (Harper.)

Although it may be read independently, this book continues the story of "Mary Cary," the little orphan girl. The scene is again Yorkburg, Va. The town is a self-satisfied one, and those in authority have not yet awakened to the needs of children and of others. Mary Cary returns from the North and West and helps Gibbie Gault to do a work improving the conditions of the mills and schools. Old and new methods of philanthropic work are well contrasted. Miss Gibbie lays down the law and speaks her mind. Mary Cary appears as the embodiment of love, but she holds her own with the conservative Town Fathers.

"Now, ain't I glad to see you! Come right along in and set down, unless you'd rather set out. I'm that proud to have you here I'm right light in the head, that I am!" and John Maxwell's hand was shaken heartily. "Lord, what a big man you've gone and got to be! Your dotingest grandma wouldn't have believed you would grow into good looks when you was fifteen. You were the ugliest, nicest boy I ever seen at fifteen, and look at you now! Look at you now!"

Mrs. McDougal stood off and gazed with admiring candor at the man before her, and the man, laughing good-naturedly, seated himself on the railing of the little porch and threw his hat on a chair at its far end. "If I've changed it's more than you have. Just as young and gay as ever," he said, nodding toward her, "and still a woman of sense and discrimination. Nobody but you knows I'm handsome."

"I ain't sayin' you're an Appolus Belviderus. You ain't. But you look like a man, and that's what many who wears pants don't. And good clothes is a powerful help to face and figger. I certainly am proud to see you. I certainly am!"

"And I certainly am glad to see you. I certainly am!" He bobbed his head in imitation of Mrs. McDougal, whose words were always emphasized by gestures, and laughed in the puzzled eyes of the girl beside her, pulling off her long gloves. "Miss Cary asked me the other day if I didn't want to know you. She didn't know you were a friend of mine before you were a friend of hers. Remember those applejacks I used to get from you? Bully things! Don't have anything like that in New York."

"Don't have the same kind of stomach to put 'em in, I reckon. Anything is good to boys and billygoats, but edicated insides is sniffy, they tell me. Set down, Mary Cary. Here, take this rockin'-chair. Ain't anything been spilt on this one, and it's the only one what ain't. I'm that thankful nothin's caught on fire that I was thinkin' of settin' down myself, but 'twon't be no use. Look-a-yonder! If that Bickles boy ain't tied a pop-cracker to Mis' Jepson's chief rooster, and right on to its comb! Hi, there! Don't you light that thing!" And Mrs. McDougal waved vigorously with her apron in the direction of a small group of stooping watchers, hands on knees and eyes eagerly intent.

The warning was too late. An explosion, a frantic crow from a once lordly cock, a scurry to safer quarters, jeering cheers from heartless throats, and then silence as Mrs. McDougal's waving arms were seen.



THE CRISIS IN THE SENATE.

From *Hansbrough's "The Second Amendment."* (Hudson Publishing Co.)

A story of Washington life, the period some years in advance of the present, a time when airships are the ordinary means of conveyance. In the Senate a struggle is going on between the Altrocratic Party, devoted to the people's interests, and the Conservative Party, devoted to the moneyed interests. A bill is being discussed on which the State is so evenly divided that every vote is necessary for a decision, and when the vote is called, Cornelius Twain, a rising man in national affairs, has mysteriously disappeared.

"DAMN these minions of money!" he exclaimed. "They thwart us at every step." But this is only a sample, and was not all that he said.

Senator Brady, the Altrocratic whip, hastened to the office of the Sergeant-at-Arms, where he wrote a list of Altrocratic senators who were absent, yet were known to be in the city, and directed that messengers be dispatched for them



From "The Second Amendment." Copyright, 1911, by Hudson Publishing Co.
HE WAS "VIVIFIED WITH A SPARK OF HER OWN SOUL."

forthwith. Then he rushed into the Senate chamber just in time to answer to his name on the vote on the first amendment.

The result of the roll call, after the regular and the temporary pairs had been announced, showed forty senators for the amendment and forty against it, with one senator absent unpaired, there being none with whom he could be paired. The absentee was Senator Twain.

"The chair votes no," said the Vice-Presi-



From "She Buildeth her House," Copyright, 1911, by
J. B. Lippincott Co.

HE REACHED THE CURING OF THE OLD WELL WITH HIS BURDEN.

dent in a tone that was scarcely audible.
"The amendment is rejected."

A wave of unrestrained glee passed over the faces of those in the reserved stalls. In the other galleries, where sat the proletarian visitors, a serious and portentous silence ensued.

Fordyce then took the floor. He made the assertion, and made it vigorously, that there had been no previous agreement to take a vote. It was a strange proceeding at best, he declared. Therefore, he made a motion for a recess of thirty minutes.

There was no doubt that his party followers, who were now in a state bordering upon consternation, needed time in which to collect their faculties and their forces.

"I hope the motion will be voted down," replied Baxter, the Conservative leader. "The friends of the amendment knew how to prevent a vote; they could have gone on with the debate as they have been doing for months."

The Conservatives were anxious to proceed, for with the casting vote of the Vice-President in their favor, Twain being away

and unpaired, they knew they could now defeat the Purchase bill.

"We did not anticipate any sharp practice," responded Fordyce with a ringing note in his voice. "It was a case of snap judgment, nothing less. Senators on the other side will do well not to push me to the proof."

Packenham's face colored. Baxter was about to reply, when Senator Wallbridge, one of the senior statesmen—a Conservative in fact, for he believed in proper senatorial ethics—rose and said he hoped, in view of what had occurred, the request for a recess would be acceded to. And it was, for Baxter knew the value of party solidarity. He also knew of Wallbridge's tendency toward independent action.



FATHER FONTANEL.

From Comfort's "She Buildeth a House."
(Lippincott.)

Paula Linster reviews books for a New York paper and occasionally writes a special article for it. She is given a book of Quentin Charter's to review at the same time that she receives an assignment to write up Dr. Bellingham, an occultist. These two men are destined to exercise a tremendous influence over her. Bellingham in trying to absorb her individuality in a vampire desire to strengthen himself, and Charter in his admiration and worship of the strength and beauty of her soul. Paula and Charter correspond with each other for months before they meet.

At this time Paula encountered one of the imperishable little books of the world, bracing to her spirit as a day's camp among mountain-pines. Nor could she refrain from telling Charter about "The Practice of the Presence of God," as told in the conversations of Brother Lawrence, a bare-footed Carmelite of the Seventeenth Century. Charter's reply to this letter proved largely influential in an important decision Paula was destined to make.

Yes, I have communed with Brother Lawrence—carried the little volume with me on many voyages. I commend a mind that is fine enough to draw inspiration from a message so chaste and simple. You will be interested to hear that I have known another Brother Lawrence—a man whose holiness one might describe as "humble" or "lofty," with equal accuracy. This man is a Catholic priest, Father Fontanel of Martinique. His parish is in that amazing little port, Saint Pierre—where Africa and France were long ago transplanted and have fused together so enticingly. Lafcadio Hearn's country—you will say. I wonder that this inscrutable master, Hearn, missed Father Fontanel in his studies.... I was rough from the seas and a long stretch of military campaigning, when my ship turned into that lovely harbor of Saint Pierre. Finding Father Fontanel, I stayed over several ships, and the healing of his companionship restores me even now to remember.

We would walk together on the *Morne d'Orange* in the evening. His church was on the rise of the *morne* at the foot of Rue Victor Hugo. He loved to hear about my explorations in books, especially about my studies among the religious enthusiasts. I would tell him of the almost incredible austereities of certain mystics to refine the body, and it was really a sensation to hear him exclaim in his French way: "Can it be possible? I am very ignorant. All that I know is to worship the good God who is always with me, and to love my dear children who have so much to bear. I do not know why I should be so happy—unless it is because I know so very little. Tell me why I live in a state of continual transport."

Father Fontanel has meant very much to me. In all my thinking upon the ultimate happiness of the race, he stands out as the bright achievement. At the time I knew him, there was not a single moment

of his life in which the physical of the man was supreme. What his earlier years were I do not know, of course, but I confess now I should like to know. . . . The presence of God was so real to him, that Father Fontanel did not understand at all his own great spiritual strength. Nor do his people quite appreciate how great he is among the priests of men. He has been in their midst so

nummers in some pageant of modern London, but that they are serious participants in grave proceedings.

Not only the eye, but the ear will convey novel and favorable impressions to the observer. He will be struck by the cheerful



From "A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts"

Copyright, 1911, by Henry Holt & Co.

THE SENTENCING OF DHINGRA.

long that they seem accustomed to his power. Only a stranger can realize what a pure, shining garment his actual flesh has become. To me there was healing in the very approach of this man.

About such purity there is nothing icy nor fibrous nor sterile. . . . You are singing in my heart, Skylark.

5

ENGLISH COURT PROCEDURE AS AN AMERICAN SEES IT.

From Leaming's "A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts." (Holt.)

English courts of law are so much like our own that an American lawyer would feel at home in them at once. A few differences and similarities may be observed however by the American visitor.

In thus glancing at an English court, an American's attention is sure to be arrested by the wig. The barrister's wig, for his ordinary practice in the High Court, has a mass of white hair standing straight up from the forehead, as a German brushes his; above the ears are three horizontal, stiff curls, and, back of the ears, four more, while behind there are five, finished by the queue which is divided into tails, reaching below the collar of the gown. There are bright, shiny, well-curled wigs; wigs old, musty, tangled and out of curl; some are worn jauntily, producing a smart and sporty effect, others look like extinguishers. So grotesque is the effect that it is difficult to realize that these men are not

alacrity and promptness of the witnesses, by the quickness and fulness of their responses, by a certain atmosphere of complete understanding between court, counsel, witnesses and jury, and more than all, by the marked courtesy, combined with an absence of all restraint, and a perfectly colloquial and good-humored interchange of thought. It is hard to define this, but it certainly differs from the air of an American tribunal where the participants seem almost sulky by comparison. The Englishman in his court is evidently in his native element and appears at his best.

The voices, too, are most agreeable, although many barristers acquire the high-pitched, thin tone usually associated with literary and ecclesiastical surroundings. Besides superior modulation, the chief merit is in the admirable distribution of emphasis. In this respect both the dialogue and monologue in an English court room are far less monotonous than in an American.

Passing the superficial impression and coming to the underlying substance, there is extraordinarily little difference between law courts on both sides of the Atlantic. Not only is the common law the same, and the legislation of the two countries largely parallel, but the method of law-thought—the manner of approaching the consideration of ques-

tions—is precisely identical, so that, upon the whole, the diversity is no greater than that which may exist between any two of the forty-six States. Indeed, so complete is the similarity that an American lawyer feels that he might step into the barristers' benches and conduct a current case without causing the slightest hitch in the proceedings, provided he could manage the wig and that the difference of accent—not very marked in men of the profession—should not attract too much attention.

That the law emanating from the little Island, which could be tucked away in a corner of some of our States, should have spread over the vast territory of America and control such an enormous population with its many foreign strains, and that, as the decades roll on, it should thrive, improve, and successfully grapple with problems never dreamed of in its origin, indicates its surprising vitality and stimulates interest in the methods now in vogue in its native land.



DARWIN GETS PROOF.

From Klein and Hornblow's "The Gamblers." (Dillingham.)

A story of extravagance, speculation and intrigue. James Darwin has uncovered the secret of a crooked banking deal.

COWPER started from his seat as if he had been shot.

"My God! You wouldn't do that!" he cried.

Shrugging his shoulders, Darwin replied coldly:

"It doesn't rest with me, but with the Court. You have violated the Federal banking law. You will be indicted as sure as there's a God in heaven, and I'll help to convict you!"

The wretched man cowered before him.

"Have mercy! Think of our position—our 'families'!"

Darwin turned fiercely on him.

"Mercy! Why should I consider you. Have you and your associates considered the unfortunate people who foolishly entrusted their money to your care? They may lose all they possess—all they owned in the world. You'll lose only your liberty, which you could not value much, seeing you jeopardized it so readily."

"I do prize it, Mr. Darwin; I do, indeed!" cried the unhappy man. "I could not face this disgrace. I am soon to be married. It would be the end of everything. If she gives me up I shall shoot myself. We did wrong. I see it now. I did not realize it be-

fore. Emerson asked me to sign one of the notes as dummy collateral for the loan, and—"

Quickly Darwin picked him up. At last he was on the track. He had tangible proofs at last.

"Ah, yes, the notes!" he exclaimed. "How many notes were there?"

"Five notes of \$400,000 each."

The lawyer repeated after him.

"Five notes of \$400,000 each?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who signed these notes?"

"Wilbur Emerson, Mr. Emerson, Sr., Mr. Tooker, Mr. Raymond and myself."



FOG BOUND.

From Bone's "The Brassbounder." (Dutton.)

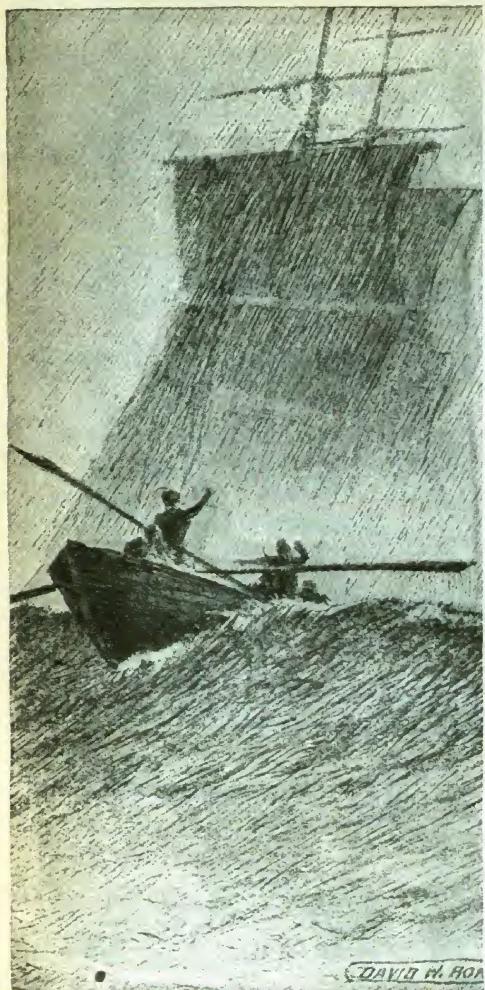
A "brassbounder" is a youthful apprentice whose parents pay a premium for his appointment to a vessel, where for three years he does the work of



From "The Gamblers."

Copyright 1911, by G. W. Dillingham Co.

"DON'T YOU KNOW HOW TO DEAL STRAIGHT? THAT'S MY CARD!"



From "The 'rassbounder,'" Copyright, 1911, by E. P. Dutton & Co.

ADRIFT IN THE FOG.

an ordinary seaman, eats no better and gets no more pay, on the theory that he is learning to be an officer. This "brassbounder" who tells this story sailed from Glasgow round the Horn and back, meeting the dangers of storm and fog. At one time they were nosing out of the Thames in a dense fog.

THE Old Man was on the poop, anxiously peering into the void, though keenest eyes could serve no purpose. Bare-headed, that he might the better hear, he stepped from rail to rail—listening, sniffing, striving, with every other sense acute, to work through the fog-banks that had robbed him of his sight. We were in evil case. A dense fog in Channel, full in the track of shipping—a weak wind for working ship. Small wonder that every whisper, every creak of black or parrel, caused him to jump to the compass—a steering order all but spoken.

"Where d'ye mark that, now?" he cried, as again the liner's siren sounded out.

"Where d'ye mark . . . d'ye mark . . . mark?" The word was passed forward from mouth to mouth, in voices faint and muffled.

"About four points on th' port bow, Sir!" The cry sounded far and distant, like the hail from a passing ship, though the Mate was but shouting from the bows.

"Aye, aye! Stan' by t' hand that foresheet! Keep the foghorn goin'!"

". . . Foresheet . . . 'sheet . . . th' fogorn . . . goin'!" The invisible choir on the main-deck repeated the orders.

Again the deep bellow from the steamer, now perilously close—the futile rasp of our horn in answer.

Suddenly an alarmed cry: "O Chris! She's into us! . . . The bell, you! The bell! . . ." A loud clanging of the forward bell, a united shout from our crew, patter of feet as they run aft, the Mate shouting: "Down hellum, Sir—down hellum, fr God's sake!"

"Hard down helm! Le' go foresheet!" answered to the Mate's cry, the Old Man himself wrenching desperately at the spokes of the wheel. Sharp ring of a metal sheave, hiss of a running rope, clank and throb of engines, thrashing of sails coming hard to the mast, shouts!

Out of the mist a huge shadowy hull ranges alongside, the wash from her sheering cutwater hissing and spluttering on our broadside.

Three quick, furious blasts of a siren, unintelligible shouts from the steamer's bridge, a churning of propellers; foam; a waft of black smoke—then silence, the white, clammy veil again about us, and only the muffled throb of the liner's reversed engines and the uneasy lurch of our barque, now all aback, to tell of a tragedy averted.

"Oh! The murderin' ruffians! The b——y sojers!" The crisis over, the Old Man was beside himself with rage and indignation. "Full speed through weather like this! Blast ye!" he yelled, hollowing his hands. "What—ship—is—that?"

No answer came out of the fog. The throb of engines died away in a steady rhythm; they would be on their course again, "slowed down," perhaps, to twelve knots, now that the nerves of the officer of the watch had been shaken.



SHIP-WRECKED AT MODERN AVALON.

From Robert W. Chambers's "*Adventures of a Modest Man.*" (Appleton.)

The modest man, who is the hero, takes his two daughters abroad for the summer. How he came to leave his beautiful home on Long Island, where he had lived, golfed and grown fat and lazy for twenty years, forms quite a story in itself. The persuading was done by a young man who wanted to marry one of the daughters. So the hero and father finds himself embarked on the ocean, but also embarked on more troublesome seas than the Atlantic. In the course of the story the hero and his friend, adrift in a small boat, find themselves about to be cast ashore by the surf.

"WELL, where the devil are we?"

"Off Avalon!"

"Avalon!" repeated Harroll, stupidly. "Why, man, it's a hundred miles south of Holy Cross!"

"Well, we've made it, I tell you. I can see one of their dinky little temples shining among the trees. Hark! There go the bells ringing for meditation!"

A mellow chime came across the water.

"It can't be Avalon," repeated Harroll, not daring to hope for such fortune. "What do you know about Avalon, anyway?"

"What I've heard."

"What's that?"

"Why, it's a resort for played-out people who've gone the pace. When a girl dances herself into the fidgets, or a Newport matron goes to pieces, or a Wall Street man begins to talk to himself, hither they toddle. It's the fashionable round-up for smashed nerves and wibby-wobbly intellects—a sort of "back-to-nature" enterprise run by a "doctor." He makes 'em all wear garments cut in the style of the humble bed-sheet, and then he turns 'em out to grass; and they may roll on it or frisk on it or eat it if they like. Incidentally, I believe, they're obliged to wallow in the ocean several times a day, run races afoot, chuck the classic discus, go barefooted and sandal-shod, wear wreaths of flowers instead of hats, meditate in silence when the temple bells ring, eat grain and fruit and drink milk, and pay enormous bills to the quack who runs the place. It must be a merry life, Harroll. No tobacco, no billiards, no bridge. And hit the downy at nine-thirty by the curfew!"

"Good Lord!" muttered Harroll.

"That's Avalon," repeated Selden. "And we're almost there. Look sharp! Stand by for a ducking! This surf means trouble ahead!"

It certainly did; the boat soared skyward on the crest of the swell; a smashing roller hurled it into the surf, smothering craft and crew in hissing foam. A second later two heads appeared, and two half-suffocated young men floundered up the beach and dropped, dripping and speechless, on the sand.

They lay inert for a while, salt water oozing at every pore. Harroll was the first to sit up.

"Right?" he inquired.

"All right. Where's the boat?"

"Ashore below us." He rose, dripping, and made off toward the battered boat, which lay in the shoals, heeled over. Selden followed; together they dragged the wreck up high and dry; then they sat down on the sand, eyeing one another.

"It's a fine day," said Selden, with a vacant grin. He rolled over on his back, clutching handfuls of hot sand. "Isn't this immense?" he said. "My! how nice and dry and solid everything is! Roll on your back, Harroll! You'll enjoy it more that way."

But Harroll got up and began dragging the guns and cartridge-sacks from the boat.

"I've some friends here," he said briefly. "Come on."



From "The Adventures of a Modest Man." Copyright, 1911, by D. Appleton & Co.

"I REALIZED THAT I WAS GOING TO KISS HER IF SHE DIDN'T MOVE . . . AND—SHE DIDN'T."

FOUR GENERATIONS PASS ON THE TREASURE.

From J. R. Scott's "In Her Own Right." (Lippincott.)

Geoffrey Croyden, society man, having lost his fortune through dishonest brokers, retires to an inherited Maryland estate, with a small income attached. He was in love with an heiress in his home city, but had not proposed to her before misfortune came to him. In a secret drawer in the Maryland house he finds a document in which he is bequeathed buried jewels worth half a million. This is the document, a letter.

"Annapolis, 10 May, 1738.

"I fear that I am about to Clear for my Last Voyage—the old wounds trouble me, more and more, especially those in my head and chest.

"You are familiar with certain Episodes in my Early Life, spent under the Jolly Roger on the Spanish Main, and you have maintained Silence—for which I shall always be your debtor. It is, therefore, but Mœte that

you should be my Heir—and I have this day Executed my last Will and Testament, bequeathing to you all my Property and effects.

"But there still remains a goodly portion which, for obvious reasons, may not be so disposed of. I mean my buried Treasure. It amounts to about half my Fortune, and Approximates near to Fifty Thousand Pounds, though that may be but a crude Estimate at best, for I am not skilled in the judging of Precious Stones. As there is nothing by which it can be identified, you can use it without Hesitation. Subject, however, to one Restriction: As it was not honestly come by, I ask you not to use it except in an Extremity of Need. If that need does not arise in your Life, you, in turn, may pass this letter on to your heir, and he, in turn, to his heir, and so on, until such Time as the Need may come, and the Restriction be lifted. And now to find the Treasure:—

"Seven hundred and fifty feet—and at right angles to the water line—from the extreme tip of Greenberry Point, below Annapolis, where the Severn runs into the Chesapeake, are four large Beech trees, standing as of the corners of a Square, though not equidistant. Bisect this Square, by two lines drawn from the Corners. At a Point three hundred and thirty feet, North-by-North-East, from where these two lines intersect and at a depth of Six feet, you will come upon an Iron Box. It contains the Treasure. And I wish you (or whoever recovers it) Joy of it!—as much joy with it as I had in the Gathering.

*"Y'r humbl' & obed't Serv't,
"Robert Parmenter.*

"To Marmaduke Duval, Esqr."

Below was written, by another hand:

"The Extremity of Need has not arisen. I pass it on to my son. M. D."

And below that, by still another hand:

"Neither has the Need come to me. I pass it to my son. D. D."

And below that, by still another hand:

"Nor by me. I pass it to my son. M. D."

And below that:

"The Extremity of Need brushed by me so close I heard the rustling of its gown, but I did not dig. I have sufficient for me, and I am the last of my line. I pass it, therefore, to my good friend Hugh Croyden (and, in the event that he predecease me, to his son Geoffrey Croyden), to whom Clarendon will go upon my demise. D. D."



IN A PUEBLO HONEYCOMB.

From Houston's "The Jaws of Death." (Griffith & R.)

Rob Gordon's father and grandfather are taken captive by the Mormons in the days when they were a law unto themselves and paid little or no attention to the rest of the country. The rescue of the prisoners is undertaken by Rob and a few others, led by an Indian, Awake-in-the-Night. Their journey leads them through the cañons of the Colorado River. They go through a Pueblo village.

THEY were soon at the low cylindrical opening through which they were obliged to crawl. Bill went first, but backward, taking

hold of the sheep and drawing it toward him. It was by no means easy, but with Happy's help he at last succeeded, when he was followed by Happy, who had less trouble in bringing the smaller kid with him. As soon as they reached the gallery where they could walk erect, each lighted an estrana stem so that they were able now to see the character of the passageway, which of course had been quite impossible when Bill had first entered it.

They noticed, to their surprise, that numerous branch passageways opened out into the one they were following. Indeed, as they neared the cave the soft shale appeared to be literally honeycombed with passages. Some of these were so low that one was obliged to stoop in order to enter. They were excellent places, however, in which one could disappear if hard pressed by a pursuing enemy; for, provided the passages led as they usually do into rooms, an enemy would have but a poor chance for his life if a determined person stood at the other end of the low opening.

Neither spoke, although both closely observed the general position of the side passages. Happy especially noted one of the main passages that led more nearly to the north than that through which they were going, which Bill informed him extended in almost a straight line to the front of the cave.

They had now reached the portion of the cave immediately back of the opening at the village, the dim light of which could be seen in front of them. They were beginning to consider whether or not it was best to venture cautiously into the main cave, or to endeavor to find a smaller room that could be entered only by the low opening from below, which would enable them to make a stand in a fight against the Pueblos.

Something occurred, however, that compelled them to come to rapid decision. They distinctly heard the footsteps of the Pueblos descending the fissure in the sandstone. As Happy had said, they were evidently making for the cave in which they were standing.



THE LAW OF THE BOLO.

From Hyatt's "The Law of the Bolo." (Estes.)

The bolo is the terrible two foot knife of the Filipino, with which he can cleave his enemy from collar bone to waist. The law of the bolo, is and always has been, that the spoil shall go to the man with the longest reach. This code of elemental directness and simplicity is the only one suited to Filipino conditions.

As every one knows, the Americans went to the Philippines to save the Filipinos from the Spanish tyranny; and, as is also well known, the Filipinos responded in characteristic fashion. For a few brief weeks, the agitators in the towns believed, and proclaimed, that the millennium had come, the reign of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—Liberty to do what was good in your own sight, and evil in the sight of every decent man; Equality, so far as the goods of a richer man than yourself were concerned; Fraternity in the Cain-and-Abel sense. The tao repeated the words, taking them to mean that the Presidentes and Tenientes would be

hanged, and that there would be cock-fights every day of the week; the ladrones took them to mean the entire abolition of any form of police; but old Felizardo, who was now sixty years of age and the wisest man in the Islands, laughed scornfully.

"The Americanos will let them bolo one another for a while," he said, "then they will send an army to put those who remain in order. Still, it is not my quarrel. I claim nothing beyond my mountains."

None the less, he strengthened the outposts on the lower slopes of the range, and when the Provisional Government in Manila sent envoys to ask him to join them, the rather nervous mestizos who brought the message were sent back, very flustered, with their mission unfulfilled. Then came other envoys, truculent ones this time, with orders to Felizardo to make his submission to the Sovereign People, the latter being represented by a few score of coffee-coloured little men in khaki uniforms, with huge red sashes, huge red epaulettes, and even more huge

dignity: "The corporal of the Guardia Civil at Calocan—you remember, the old one—would alone have put them to flight, beating them with the flat of his sword. They tell me those patriots have hewn down the gallows at Calocan. Well, it was old; and, in any case, the Americanos would doubtless have put up a new one—for these patriots."

But when the second deputation, that to demand his instant submission to the will of the Sovereign People, arrived, and Felizardo heard that the envoys were generals, wearing that same gorgeous uniform, he waxed wroth, and ordered that those distinguished soldier-diplomats should be brought to him. "Bring them, sabres, revolvers, and all," he said. "Let them climb the mountains, and climb rather fast, as I am in a hurry to see the great sight."

Possibly, his orders were taken too literally. At any rate, two of the envoys fainted half way up the mountain-side, and had to be revived with pricks from the point of a bolo; whilst even the third, who was of a tougher



From "King Edward VII as a Sportsman."

Longmans, Green & Co.

CHANGING GUNS.

sabres, which they loved to jangle over the cobble-stones of the towns, greatly to their own glory, and much to the detriment of their scabbards. Felizardo, hearing of them, laughed again—his official uniform was a suit of white duck and a broad-brimmed straw hat—then he said to Dolores, whose girlish prettiness had changed now to a sweet-faced

breed, had none of his truculence left when he found himself face to face with that quiet, wizened little man. Moreover, the ends of the scabbards were worn and dented beyond all hope of repair, and when, in obedience to Felizardo's order, the owners attempted to draw their sabres in salute, not one of them could get the blade out.

KING EDWARD BUYS A CAP.

From A. E. T. Watson's "King Edward VII. as a Sportsman." (Longmans, G.)

King Edward won renown in yachting, racing, shooting and golfing. The chapter on yachting, by Sir Seymour Fortescue, is of special interest. The following extract shows the king's close observation of details and also his kindly thought of his subordinates:

ON a certain Sunday, when again accompanying His Royal Highness, a strapper, leaving the stable, passed close to the Prince, who stopped him and remarked, "I did not see you at church this morning?" The man made some excuse for his non-attendance. "You should have gone to the service," His Royal Highness replied; "I always attend myself, and I expect my people to do the same." What struck Porter so forcibly was the fact that the Prince should have noticed the absence of one of the humblest of his servants from a congregation numbering between two and three hundred; but His Royal Highness's observation was always extraordinarily keen.

It is known how critical the Prince was in regard to ornament and attire. Once when the Royal yacht was at Cowes, Porter was honoured by a command to attend His Royal Highness on board, and soon after his reception was presented with a pin, which he gratefully placed in the black scarf which he was wearing. After a time His Royal Highness, looking at him, remarked, "I don't like that black scarf of yours; it doesn't seem suitable." Raising his hand he removed the pin and put it in his pocket. "Haven't you got a white scarf?" he continued. Porter replied that he had, and asked permission to go and put it on. This being granted, he presently reappeared, sincerely hoping that he might not be going to lose his jewel; but the Prince had not forgotten it, and, approving of the scarf, fixed the pin in it. He disapproved, however, of the hat which his trainer was wearing, telling him that it was not appropriate for a yacht. In the afternoon His Royal Highness went ashore, and on returning handed Porter a yachting cap which he had purchased for him.



THE RED TAPE BEGINS TO UNWIND.

From Owen Wister's "Members of the Family." (Macmillan.)

Short stories introducing Scipio Le Moyne and some of his friends already known to readers of "The Virginian." This one is an amusing tale of military red tape, based originally on Private Bateau's swift expulsion from the Captain's office, when he innocently inquired for the Captain's sister.

PRIVATE BATEAU stated his case in the Adjutant's office at Fort Chiricahua. The post commander duly investigated the affair, and

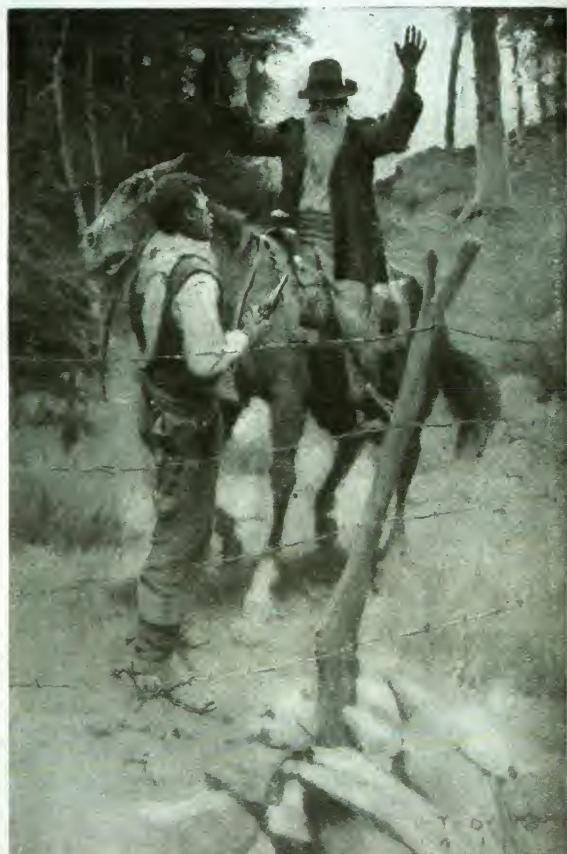
Private Bateau was duly informed that his complaint was deemed out of military cognizance. Private Bateau, thoroughly booked on the machinery, now appealed to the Department Commander. He called in no clerk to draft his grievance for him; with Cousin Xerxes to help, he wrote:

"FORT CHIRICAHUA, A. T., Nov. 30, 188.
"THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL, Department of Arizona,
Whipple Barracks, A. T. (Through Military
Channels.)

"Sir.—For the information of the commanding general of the department, I wish to report Captain Joshua Stone of E Troop 4th Cavalry for using brutal conduct toward me at 5 p.m. 26th inst., at which hour he insulted me with his foot behaving like no officer and gentleman in a way I will not rite down. All I did was bring word our choir was waiting for Mrs. Stone to play like she always done on the melodeum for church practiss wensday afternoons and saturday nights.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"LEONIDAS BATEAU, Private, Troop I, 4th Cav'y."

This document Leonidas handed to the first sergeant of his troop, who took it with the daily morning report to the captain, who indorsed it, "Respectfully forwarded to the Adjutant-General Department of Arizona (through Post Commander). The facts in this case are as follows," etc., and duly signed the indorsement, and forwarded it the next day to the Post Commander, who in-



From "Members of the Family."

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"PIE LIKE MOTHER MADE," SAID SCIPIO.

dorsed it, "Respectfully forwarded to the Adjutant-General Department of Arizona, Whipple Barracks, A. T. I find upon investigation," etc., "and I have cautioned Private Leonidas Bateau that he ought to be more guarded in his language when referring to an officer's wife, and I recommend that no further action be taken in this case."

Do you perceive the wheels beginning to go round?

5

PHILOSOPHY A LA MODE.

From Anthony Hope's "Mrs. Maxon Protests." (Harper.)

Winnie Maxon finds life with her overbearing, dictatorial husband insupportable, and tells him that she intends to leave him. He persuades her to say and do nothing until she returns from a visit at Shaylor's Patch, the country-place of some free-thinking cousins of hers. Here she meets people of a very different type from her husband, who discuss a philosophy of life, and in some cases live it, too, quite at variance with that estimable Briton's conceptions.

At lunch Dick Dennehy could not get away from his victory at lawn-tennis. He started on an exposition of the theory of the game. He was heard in silence, till Tora Aikenhead observed in her dispassionate tone, "But you don't play at all well, Dick."

"What!" he shouted, indignantly, trying to twist up a still humid mustache.

"Theory against practice—that's the way of it always," said Stephen.

"Well, in a sense ye're right there," Dennehy conceded. "It needs a priest to tell you what to do, and a man to do it."

"Let's put a 'not' in the first half of the proposition," said Ledstone.

"And a woman in the second half?" Mrs. Lenoir added.

"That must be why they like one another so much," Dennehy suggested. "Each makes such a fine justification for the existence of the other. They keep one another in work!" He rubbed his hands with a pleasantly boyish laugh.

Stephen smiled. "I always like to search for a contradictory instance. Now, if a man drinks himself to death, he benefits the revenue, he accelerates the wealth of his heirs, promotes the success of his rivals, gratifies



From "Mrs. Maxon Protests"

Copyright 1911, by Harper & Brothers.

"I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GIVEN HIM NO REALLY SERIOUS CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT."

the enmity of his foes, and enriches the conversation of his friends. As for his work—if he has any—il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire."

"It seems to me it would be all right if nobody wasted time and trouble over stopping him," said Dennehy—a teetotaller, and the next instant quaffing ginger-beer immoderately.

"He would be sure to be hurting somebody," said Mrs. Lenoir.

"And why not hurt somebody? I'm sure somebody's always hurting me," Dennehy objected, hotly. "How would the world get on else? Don't I hold my billet only till a better man can turn me out?"

"Yes," said Stephen. "The priest who slew the slayer, and shall himself be slain"—that system's by no means obsolete in modern civilization."

**A TAXICAB WRECK
HALTS AN ELOPE-
MENT.**

From *Rupert Hughes'*
"Excuse Me." (H.
K. Fly.)

This is the opening of the novelized form of Rupert Hughes' rollicking Pullman car farce, "Excuse Me," which has been running successfully in New York all the winter.

THE young woman in the taxicab scuttling frantically down the dark street clung to the arm of the young man alongside, as if she were terrified at the lawbreaking, neck-risking speed. But evidently some greater fear goaded her, for she gasped:

"Can't he go a little faster?"

"Can't you go a little faster?" The young man alongside howled as he thrust his head and shoulders through the window in the door.

But the self-created taxi-gale swept his voice aft, and the taut chauffeur perked his ear in vain to catch the vanishing syllables.

"What's that?" he roared.

"Can't you go a little faster?"

The indignant charioter simply had to shoot one barbed glare of reprobation into that passenger. He turned his head and growled: "Say, do youse want to lose me me license?"

For just one instant he turned his head. One instant was just enough. The unguarded taxicab seized the opportunity, bolted from the track, and flung, as it were, its arms drunkenly around a perfectly respectable lamppost attending strictly to its business on the curb. There ensued a condensed Fourth of July. Sparks flew, tires exploded, metals ripped, two wheels spun in air and one wheel, neatly severed at the axle, went reeling down the sidewalk half a block before it leaned against a tree and rested.

A dozen or more miracles coincided to save the passengers from injury. The young man found himself standing on the pavement with the unhinged door still around his neck. The young woman's arms were round his neck. Her head was on his shoulder. It



From "Excuse Me!"

Copyright 1911 by H. K. Fly Co.

"NOW IT'S MY VACATION AND I'M GOING TO SMOKE UP."

"Obsolte! It's the soul of it, its essence, its gospel!" It was Mrs. Lenoir who spoke. "A definition of competition?" asked Stephen.

"Yes, and of progress—as they call it."

Tora Aikenhead was consolatory, benign, undismayed. "To be slain when you're old and weak—what of that?"

"But ye don't think ye're old and weak. That's the shock of it," cried Dennehy.

"It is rather a shock," Mrs. Lenoir agreed. "The truth about yourself is always a shock—or even another person's genuine opinion."

Winnie Maxon remembered how she had administered to her husband his "awful facer"; she recollects also, rather ruefully, that he had taken it well. You always have to hurt somebody, even when you want so obvious a right as freedom! A definite declaration of incompatibility must be wounding—at any rate, when it is not mutual.

had reposed there often enough, but never before in the street under a lamppost. The chauffeur found himself in the road, walking about on all fours, like a bewildered quadruped.

Evidently some overpowering need for speed possessed the young woman, for even now she did not scream, she did not faint, she did not murmur, "Where am I?" She simply said:

"What time is it, honey?"

And the young man, not realizing how befuddled he really was, or how his hand trembled, fished out his watch and held it under the glow of the lamppost, which was now bent over in a convenient but disreputable attitude.

"A quarter to ten, sweetheart. Plenty of time for the train."

"But the minister, honey! What about the minister? How are we going to get to the minister?"

The consideration of this riddle was interrupted by a muffed hubbub of yelps, whimpers, and canine hysterics. Immediately the young woman forgot ministers, collisions, train-schedules—everything. She showed her first sign of panic.

"Snoozleums! Get Snoozleums!"

They groped about in the topsy-turvy taxi-cab, rummaged among a jumble of suitcases, handbags, umbrellas and minor *impedimenta*, and fished out a small dog-basket with an inverted dog inside. Snoozleums was ridiculous in any position, but as he slid tail foremost from the wicker basket, he resembled nothing so much as a heap of tangled yarn tumbling out of a work-basket.



"TAKING UP" THE BABY.

From Mary Heaton Vorse's "The Very Little Person." (Houghton Mifflin.)

The "very little person" was a phenomenon deserving of scientific attention, and with this idea John Greatax had been reading books—following up his scientific habit of mind—on the most improved methods of training the infant mind. He is especially impressed with the fact that a wailing baby with no legitimate cause for complaint must be left severely alone. The next Sunday afternoon he is given an opportunity to test his theories.

LOUISE stirred in her sleep, stretched out a pink hand, opened large blue eyes, and stared placidly up in her father's face. John regaled himself for a moment by exchanging glances. They looked at each other for a long moment, until John's conscience drove him tiptoeing away. It was against the rules to disturb your baby. He sat down out of sight of Louise, and opened the book.

Louise lay quiet. Usually, when people went away, they came back. She gave him his chance. Then, when she realized that she had been deserted, she opened her mouth and told the world at large about her recent disappointment. She started in on a plaintive note which tore at John's heart. He wondered if it might not be the pin.

Cautiously and on tiptoe he went over to investigate. It was not the pin. As soon as he bent over her, Louise cut off her wail, and waited. He adjusted her covers with a careful hand, and sat down again.

At this second desertion, indignation arose in Louise's breast. She told all whom it might concern that she had a cruel parent who had deserted her in a strange land. Disappointment was in her tone, and anger, but there was also a note of touching desolation, and this went to John's heart.

"Hang it!" he said. "It isn't a colic, or she wouldn't have stopped when I touched her. Constance is right. The little thing wants to be taken up."

Here Louise held her breath for a moment. John could just catch sight of a red face turning to purple. Then she let out a mighty roar, which lasted an unbelievable time, held her breath again, and repeated the roar. John sat tense in his chair.

"Oh, well, you know," said he, "that can't be good for her! Here," he went on, "I'm not going to have my child explode, for all the doctors that ever wrote books. If you want to be taken up—come on!"



RICHARDSON IS TRICKED.

From "Thieves" by "Aix." (Duffield.)

A novel dealing with the subject of the great protected financial and industrial interests in the United States, their conflict with labor and honesty. John Richardson, a lawyer, fighting the corruption and oppression of a few Pittsburgh capitalists, is the hero, who, when he falls in love with the daughter of one of the millionaires, finds life a complicated affair. Richardson is tricked by his superior officer into dismissing an important law case in a way which makes him apparently a party to crooked work.

THE news was all over town and, the evening papers issuing early editions, very little else was talked of on the street. The proceedings against Locksport had been quashed.

Tom Richardson was the first to come in with one of the journals.

"Why—why, what's this? What's wrong here, John?" he cried, pointing to a headline which stretched from one side of the page to the other.

"You see for yourself, Tom."

"But why? What does it all mean? What in the name of God is wrong?"

"My statement's there, I suppose, that Hagan commanded me to do so."

"One of the papers says so, but only one. What did you do it for, anyway? Why didn't you make Hagan do it himself if he insisted on it? What proof have you got from him?"

"He called me up by telephone this morning just before noon and after you people left here."

"Where was he and what did he say?"

"Meadville."

"Well, but didn't you tell him to come down here and do it himself?"

"No, I hadn't any right to treat him that way. He talked to me plainly and fairly over the telephone. Said that if this thing was necessary to be done, he'd do it himself. He's twenty years older than I am and has been in office eight or ten, and my duty was to obey orders. I didn't like to do it, but I obeyed orders, Tom."

"But who's to take the blame of this?"

"He is, Tom. He said so himself, read me

the telegram he was sending to three or four of the papers here."

Tom was silent for some time, leaning his head on his hand and finally saying:

"Well, I haven't seen the telegram yet from Hagan."

John looked annoyed, but replied, "It will be in the later edition, no doubt about that, Tom. He read it off to me word by word. He takes the whole blame, commands me to dismiss the proceedings and he comes out before the public with it. That was all that concerned me and my duty."

Tom seemed to be struggling to say something which at the same time he was endeavoring to keep within his lips and while the brothers were in this position, Eddie entered with flushed face to lay upon John's table a later edition of one of the newspapers. The loyal little fellow, though he looked troubled, said nothing as he went out of the room, while John Richardson picked up the sheet. He dropped it instantly with a sudden exclamation.



WELSH RABBIT A LA MODE.

From Owen Johnson's "The Tennessee Shad."
(Baker & T.)

A large boys' boarding school in New Jersey is the scene of "Tennessee Shad," a sequel to the author's very successful "The Varmint." The boys have become possessed of a piece of cheese, and a "abbit" is suggested.

THEN a crisis arose.

"What're you going to put in it?" said the Egghhead skeptically.

"You can't make a Welsh rabbit without beer," said Turkey Reiter.

"Rats!" said the Tennessee Shad. "That's all you know. You can put a dozen things in."

The assembly divided radically.

"Come off!"

"What else?"

"Who ever heard of a rabbit without beer?"

"I've eaten them with condensed milk."

"We made 'm in the Dickinson with ginger pop."

"Anything'll do, so long as there's alcohol in it."

"Oh, murder!"

"Poison!"

"Not at all—they're not half bad."

"Order!" said the Tennessee Shad, rapping on the chafing-dish. "I guess I've eaten and made more Welsh rabbits than any one in this bunch of amateurs. Hungry Smeed is right—you can make them with anything that's got a drop of alcohol in it."

Turkey and Macnooder put up their noses and bayed at the ceiling.

"Contrary-minded can exit."

The protest subsided at once.

"The next best thing to beer is imported ginger ale," said the Tennessee Shad. "Who's got ginger ale?"

A silence.

"Who's got ginger pop?"

Another silence.

"Root beer?"

More silence.

"Sarsaparilla?"

"I have," said the Gutter Pup, jumping up and disappearing under the window-seat.

A cheer went up.

Suddenly the Gutter Pup bounded out.

"I put three bottles of sarsaparilla there Friday night," he said wrathfully. "If I knew the low-lived sneak that would steal—"

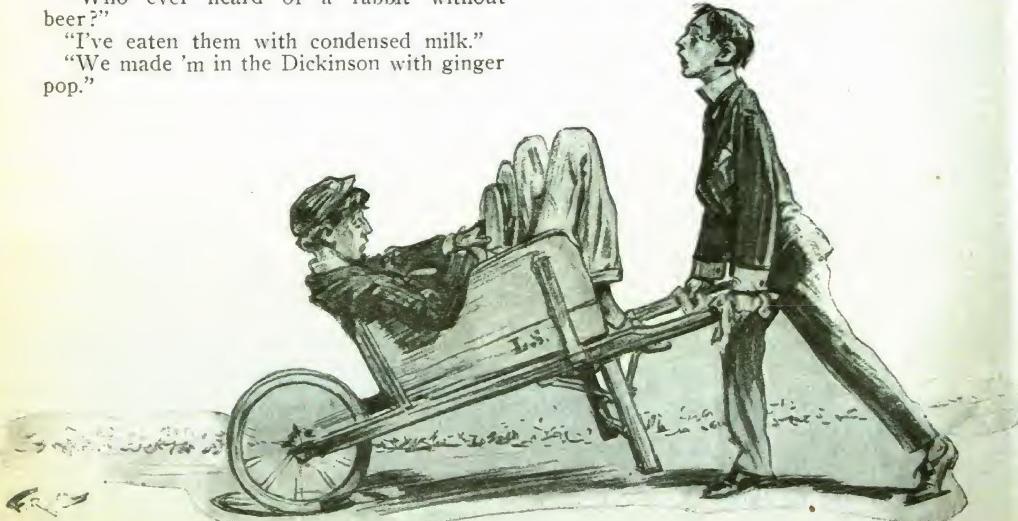
"Stealing is contemptible," said the Tennessee Shad softly, while every one looked indignant.



MARIE-CLAIRE UNDERSTANDS HENRI DESLOIS.

From Audoux's "Marie-Claire." (Doran.)

An autobiography of the author who calls herself in her book Marie-Claire. A little French girl is left orphaned and is brought up in a convent. Later she is sent to work as a shepherdess and as a housemaid for some nearby farm people. This life, with its love story, and her return to the convent and



its duties there, and at last her departure for Paris, depends for its charm largely upon the exquisite descriptive passages, but more upon the pure and poetical nature of the child herself, who transforms for the reader the most commonplace occurrences into a pastoral of great delicacy. The farm people are supplanted by a new master and mistress and the lady's brother plays a part in Marie-Claire's life when she is sixteen and he hardly eighteen.

YESTERDAY Henri Deslois had come into the linen-room while I was there alone. He had opened his mouth as though he were going to talk to me. I had looked at him as I had done the first time, and he went away without saying anything. And now that I was in the open garden surrounded by broom in flower I longed to be able to live there always. There was a big apple tree leaning over me, dipping the end of its branches in the spring. The spring came out of the hollow trunk of a tree, and the overflow trickled in little brooks over the beds. This garden of flowers and clear water seemed to me to be the most beautiful garden in the world.

Another sound made me look at the house again, and I was not in the least surprised when I saw Henri Deslois standing framed in the doorway. His head was bare, and his arms were swinging. He stepped out into the garden and looked far off into the plain. His hair was parted on the side, and was a little thin at the temples. He remained perfectly still for a long minute, then he turned to me. There were only two trees between us. He took a step forward, took hold of the young tree in front of him with one hand, and the branches in flower made a bouquet over his head. It grew so light that I thought the bark of the trees was glittering, and every flower was shining. And in Henri Deslois's eyes there was so deep a gentleness that I went to him without any shame. He didn't move when I stopped in front of him. His face became whiter than his smock, and his lips quivered. He took my two hands and pressed them hard against his temples. Then he said very low, "I am like a miser who has found his treasure again." At that moment the bell of Sainte Montagne Church began to ring.



THE SIMPLON TUNNEL.

From Kuhn's "Switzerland." (Crowell.)

First draft of the book was published in *The Chautauquan*, August, 1908, under the title "A Reading Journey Through Switzerland." The author shows deep love for his ancestral fatherland. He intersperses descriptions with much information. His facts about the great tunnels through which all the world travels are of interest:

A NUMBER of years ago ago I had been spending the summer in Italy and was returning home by way of Switzerland. I took the train to Domodossola, and thence the diligence over the Simplon Pass; for at that time the tunnel and railroad had not even been thought of. I shall never forget that ride, especially the long descent from the summit of the pass down the steep sides of the mountains. The sun had set, night had come on, the light had faded and the stars came out. Far beyond the steep valley rose the mountains with their covering of ice and

snow, and away up on high, so high that it seemed as if they struck the very zenith, were the glaciers and snow fields shining like great masses of silver under the light of the moon, which seemed almost to rest upon them.

To-day the traveller need no longer cross the Simplon in this primitive way; another tunnel has been built, still longer and still more marvellous as a piece of engineering skill than that of the St. Gotthard. Whereas the latter is only nine and one-quarter miles in length, the Simplon is twelve and one-quarter miles. It is constructed with a double passage, each sixteen and one-half feet wide and separated by a distance of fifty-five feet between their axes. It is straight throughout, except a short curve at each end in order to join its tracks with the outside railroad lines. The most striking difference between this tunnel and the St. Gotthard is the grade, for it is only two per thousand on the Swiss side and seven per thousand on the Italian side, the altitude of the former being 2,250 feet, that of the latter being 2,076, while the summit is only 2,310 feet. An enormous saving of the cost might have been made by driving the tunnel at a much higher altitude, as was done in the case of the St. Gotthard. As it is, however, the Simplon can be used for express services, and can carry freight at far less expense than the St. Gotthard with its high grade. This tunnel brings Geneva and French Switzerland into closer communication with the Adriatic railroads of Italy, and also shortens the distance between Calais and Milan, eighty and ninety-five miles respectively over other routes.



HARDING SEES HIMSELF.

From Robert Hichens's "The Dweller on the Threshold." (Century Co.)

By the author of "The garden of Allah," "Bella Donna," etc. Evelyn Malling, notorious because of his sustained interest in psychical research and his work with Professor Stepton, who is interested only in science, the Rev. Marcus Harding, a marvelously successful rector in West End London, a man of dominating will, Henry Chicester, his senior curate, a good, easily deceived man, and Lady Sophia, the wife of Harding, are the actors in this story. Harding and Chicester turn secretly to occult investigation with the strange result that Harding's personality is transferred to Chicester. One of these transformations occurs after the rector has preached a strong sermon.

SEATED in a round chair at his writing-table, by a lamp with a green shade, was the man who had entered his house. He was writing busily in a book with a silver clasp that could be locked with a key, and he leaned a little over the table with his head turned away. The shape of his head, his posture, even the manner in which he used his pen as he traced line after line in the book, made an abominable impression upon the man staring in at the window. But the face—the face! He must see that! And he leaned forward, trembling, but fiercely, and, pressing his own face against the pane, he looked at the occupant of his room as men look sometimes with their souls.

The man at the table lifted his head. He laid down the pen, blotted the book in which

he had been writing, shut it up, clasped it, locked it with a tiny key, and put it carefully into a drawer of the table, which also he locked. He got up, stood for an instant by the table with one hand upon it, then turned slowly toward the window, smiling, as men smile to themselves when they are thinking of their own ingenuities.

The man outside the window fell back into the snow as if God's hand had touched him. He had seen his own face! So he smiled sometimes at the end of a day, when he had finished writing down in his diary some of the hidden things of his life.



THE HONEYMOONERS ARE NEARLY CAUGHT.

From Vaisey's "A Honeymoon in Hiding." (Cassell.)

Two young English people start off on their honeymoon, which is to last just as long as the £50 which is all they can afford to spend on it, holds out. On the train the bridegroom finds he has lost his wallet and that between them they have only about £7. They decide to go to their own house and spend the time there, without letting any one know where they are. Cooking on an oil stove and going to places they are sure none of their friends patronize, and doing things as they never did them before, make the honeymoon a glorious success. For one thing they go to Mme. Tussaud's.

"Look at the one in grey satin! Look! My white canvas has exactly that back! . . . The green one has ducky sleeves. I wish I had had my blue. . . . And their hats—and their veils—so beautifully put on! Look at that blue girl standing by herself looking at the race-card! Isn't she exactly like life? I've a very good mind to cut short my blue sleeves, and—What is it?"

For answer her husband nipped her arm between finger and thumb, and pointed stealthily to the right. The sound of voices broke upon the ear; between serried rows of effigies a female form approached, escorting two flaxen-haired children—a brief glimpse of her face showing as she bent and smiled. By all that was extraordinary and confounding—the well-known face of a friend of the family!

She was approaching along the aisle in which the Honeymooners themselves were standing; there was no turning to right or left; in another minute she would pass the screen of the next group and confront them face to face! Gwen said no word. To the utter confounding of her spouse, she loosened her arm from his, dived nimbly beneath the protecting cord, and falling into position beside the Blue Girl of the Ascot Enclosure, slipped a hand through the waxen arm, and bent her own head over the extended card!

Of all the resourceful, quick-witted, audacious little wretches! Trust her for getting out of a scrape if a way were to be found on land or sea! The newly made husband was breathless with surprised admiration, but—but—what of himself? What was he to do? On second thoughts, wasn't it a pretty low-down thing to provide for herself and leave him in the lurch? The faintest, smallest echo of a cough reached Pat's ear, and look-

ing up, he beheld the latest addition to Madame Tussaud's collection grimacing violently in his direction. She wanted him to do something, of course—but what?



THE NAMELESS KNIGHT SEES THE WOOD FOLK DANCE.

From C. W. Dawson's "Road to Avalon." (Doran.)

A mystical tale of a charcoal burner's son who had a vision after King Arthur's death, in which he was told to "seek out Avalon; King Arthur shall come again." He sets out upon his quest, a nameless knight, and after long journeys, many temptations, and adventures he arrives at Avalon and finds that he is King Arthur. He returns to his old home and goes on working in his humble way, but with the secret knowledge that the king is there.

LEADING his horse to the water, first he and then his beast drank deep of the stream. A new peace stole upon him. He stretched out both his hands, and hungrily gathered clusters of grapes from the vines, and ravenously ate. The desire for sleep came over him. He flung himself down where the flowers grew most thickly, and joyously inhaled their sweetness until slumber blinded his eyes. For a little space he slept.

Then was he conscious of feet that rustled the bracken, of feet that danced as they approached, and of the smooth-toned flutings of a musician's pipe. As the lids before his eyes were of gossamer, though they were closed, yet he saw through them and watched what came.

At first he saw nothing; but his hearing was alert, and he knew that the feet had halted. Then he noted how the frond of a great fern lowered and waved, and next he knew that above it peered an eager face. It was that of a young girl, shy and beautiful. She stood on tiptoe and to her lips was pressed, with fingers upon the stops, a shepherd's reed. Having gazed around, she let out a low glad cry, like that of the first woodland bird to cry the stirring of the dawn, and tripped from out the brake. Behind her followed many who were of her kind, gay and faunlike, sparsely clad, carrying with them the means of music and robed in their tawny hair. When they had entered upon the lawn, they joined hands and danced in an enchanted ring. The bracken stood upright again to hide their track.

But not for long did they merry-make in secret, for soon the brushwood shivered, and above the thicket other heads were raised; and the eyes of these were wilder. Youths of noble stature, with neck and shoulders bare, arrayed in a single skin of some forest beast, stepped into the open suddenly, and seizing the girls, gave to the dance a more passionate pace. A youth and maiden, side by side, trilled upon their pipes in tender harmony, while their comrades circled and whirled like fallen leaves in an autumn gale. Faster and faster they passed and passed, ever clinging closer each to each, till, with the last shrill sob of the music, they came to a reluctant halt and stood panting, with heads down-bowed, as those who droop together in the abandon of a last embrace. One by one they lifted their faces to the moon; then their lips met hungrily.

JENKINS TELLS OF THE MYSTERIOUS CHINAMAN.

From F. P. Elliott's "The Haunted Pajamas."
(Bobbs-Merrill.)

Richard Lightnut is a rather inane youth, living in great luxury in New York. A friend in China sends him a suit of crimson silk pajamas, which appear black as soon as any one puts them on. Dicky wears them one night, and has a most extraordinary encounter with his valet, who attacks him under the impression that he is a strange old Chinaman. There is something mysterious about the matter.

"But this savage-looking Chinaman that you saw, Jenkins—how was he dressed?" I adopted a careless tone of inquiry.

It was high noon, and I was toying with an after luncheon, or rather after breakfast, cigar.

Jenkins' head shook dubiously. "I just remember something blackish. My, sir I didn't have time to notice nothing like clothes!"

His tone conveyed aggrieved protest. He went on:

"Just as I'm telling you, sir, I saw some one sitting there by the window and walked toward him, thinking it was you. Then, all of a sudden, I see his awful face a-scowling at me there in the moonlight."

"And he was smoking, you say?"

Jenkins sniffed indignantly. "Free and easy as a lord, sir! He held a long stick to his ugly mouth, and smoke was curling out of a little bowl near the end."

"Oh, opium pipe, eh?"

"Likely, sir," agreed Jenkins; "but I never saw one."

By Jove, I had my own opinion about that! I knew he *must* have seen one before; but I just went on questioning, to gain time, you know, and wondering all the while how I should ever be able to break the truth to the poor fellow.

"Tell me again what he was like," I said. "How do you know he was a Chinaman?"

"Why, by his long black pigtail, sir, and his onery color. But I never saw no Chinaman as ugly as this one—no sir. Oh, he was just too awful horrid to look at, sir. His forehead sloped away back, or maybe the front part of his head being all shaved made it look that way. And the skin about his eyes was painted white with red streaks shooting around like rays of light."

"No beard or mustache, I suppose?" I suggested, feeling my own smooth-shaven face. Jenkins' reply was a surprise:



From "The Haunted Pajamas."

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"HERE'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW," I HEARD HER SIGH.

"Yes, sir; there were long black kind of rat tails that dropped down from the sides of his mouth. And then his neck—ugh—all thick with woolly hair."

"Oh, it was, eh?" I said drily, thinking of the long red stripe that my collar concealed. "I suppose you felt this, eh, when you jumped at his throat?"

Jenkins rubbed his chin with a puzzled air.

"Why, that's uncommon queer, sir; but now that you remind me, I do remember that his neck felt perfectly smooth—and it wasn't so big, either. Why, I should say it felt just about like yours would, sir."

I eyed him ruefully.

"By Jove, I don't doubt it a minute!" I commented with some disgust.

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK OF A JAGUAR.

From C. L. Bull's "Under the Roof of the Jungle." (Page.)

Mr. Bull is known as the illustrator of a number of books, but here he is the author as well. The volume records his observations of the animals of the Guiana jungle. Jaguar, cayman or crocodile, fish, strange turtles, monkeys, ibises, toucans, and many others are described and pictured. The author went to study not to hunt the wild creatures, so there is no record of big "bags." The jaguar, whose story is the first in the book, has made a successful kill and has eaten a square meal, the first for him in several days.

ABOUT a half a mile from the scene of the kill he found himself walking down a big branch surrounded by the bright yellow plums of the wild cashew. Here were great numbers of big fruit bats, a swarm of them, flapping and fluttering about, biting at the plums, quarrelling and squeaking. Lying down at full length the jaguar amused himself for a long time striking at them as they fluttered near. Occasionally he was successful, and

the impudent bat would go hurtling through the air, to fall crushed and torn to the roots far below, where the little woolly opossums were too glad to get them to question the cause of their fall.

The jaguar remained stretched out on the big branch striking at bats until, feeling drowsy after his hearty meal, he put his head down and went sound asleep. Toward morning he aroused, and, finding a convenient tangle of vines, he made his way down to the ground and strolled away to the stream. After a good drink he leisurely picked his way back through the jungle to his lair on the windfall.

Late the following afternoon he returned to the remains of his previous night's feasting, and found that a column of the army ants had just discovered his dinner-table and were literally swarming up the sloping trunk. With ears laid back and angry, disgusted snarls, he stood for a moment besides the living stream of ants, till a sudden sharp,

stinging pain in his foot warned him, and he leaped aside and retreated, realizing that he would have to find some other game before he could dine. With memories of the eel and the capybara he vent down to the stream, but there was no such luck for him that night, so he wandered far and wide up and down the jungle, his appetite growing stronger and stronger. The only living things he found were two of the little evil-smelling opossums, and he scorned to insult his nostrils and palate with such nauseating meat. With the exception of a half dozen fat caterpillars, which he found eating the leaves of a vine, and snapped up with delight, he went hungry that night, and retired to his den under the festoons in a most wicked temper, snarling and growling to himself, snapping savagely when he brushed against a leafy twig.



BETTY BIDS BRUCE— GOODBYE?

From Kester's "The Prodigal Judge." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

A little boy of six with some mystery about him connected with the great people of an estate in North Carolina is left to the protection of a careless Southerner. To keep him safe he starts for Tennessee, but the villain of the tale lays him low. The boy escapes and meets the "Prodigal Judge," a man who has let himself go just after the war and spends his time as a vagabond. He is good to little Hannibal; after a time finds out his connection with him, steadies up, and brings order out of chaos for many people. Betty, the pretty heroine of the tale, is loved by Bruce Carrington,



From "The Prodigal Judge."

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THE JUDGE PRACTICES ON THE CANDLES.

a travel companion on her journey West. Unknown to herself she loves him too, but has become engaged to a debonair young neighbor planter, a lover since boyhood. Bruce, hearing of this engagement, comes to say goodbye to her.

All in an instant Betty pressed close to him, hiding her face in his arm; she clung to him in a panic of pain and horror. She felt something stir within her that had never been there before, as a storm of passionate longing swept through her. Her words, her promise to another man, became as nothing. All her pride was forgotten. Without this man the days stretched away before her a blank. His arm drew her closer still, until she felt her heart throb against his.

"Do you care?" he said, and seemed to wonder that she should.

"Bruce, Bruce, I didn't know—and now—Oh, my dear, my dear—" He pressed his lips against the bright little head that rested in such miserable abandon against his shoulder.

"Do you love me?" he whispered. The blood ran riot in his veins.

"Why have you stayed away—why didn't you come to me? I have promised him—" she gasped.

"You didn't understand; why did you believe anything I said to you? It was only that I cared—that in my heart I knew I cared—I've cared about you ever since that trip down the river, and now I am going to be married to-morrow—to-morrow, Bruce—do you realize I have given my promise? I am to meet him at the Spring Bank church at ten o'clock—and it's to-morrow!" she cried, in a laboring choked voice. For answer he drew her closer. "Bruce, what can I do?—tell me what I can do."

Carrington made an involuntary gesture of protest.

"I can't tell you that, dear—for I don't know." His voice was steady, but it came from lips that quivered. He knew that he might have urged the supreme claim of his love and in her present desperate mood she would have listened, but the memory of Norton would have been between them always a shame and reproach; as surely as he stood there with his arms about her, as surely as she clung to him so warm and near, he would have lived to see the shadow of that shame in her eyes.

"I can not do it—I can not, Bruce!" she panted.

"It's good-by—" he muttered.

"Not yet—oh, not yet, Bruce—" she implored. "I can not—"

"Yes—now, dear I don't dare stay—I may forget—" but he turned again to her in entreaty. "Give me something to remember in all the years that are coming when I shall be alone—let me kiss you on the lips—let me—just this once—it's good-by we're saying—it's good-by, Betty!"

She went to him, and, as he bent above her, slipped her arms about his neck.

"Kiss me—" she breathed.

He kissed her hair, her soft cheek, then their lips met.

LADY CASTERLY ENCOUNTERS A BULL.

From John Galsworthy's "*The Patrician*."
(*Scribner's*.)

A story laid in England about the ancient family Caradoc. The political life of the oldest son, Eustis, forms one theme, and his conflicting love affair the other. He loves a woman whom he does not know is married. Many complications arise from this and are handled along by his sister Barbara's rather unbridled sympathies. Barbara's ability to meet emergencies is early shown.

In the far corner of the first field a chestnut mare was standing, with ears pricked at some distant sound whose charm she alone perceived. On viewing the intruders, she laid those ears back, and a little vicious star gleamed out at the corner of her eye. They passed her and entered the second field. Half way cross, Barbara said quietly:

"Granny, that's a bull!"

It was indeed an enormous bull, who had been standing behind a clump of bushes. He was moving slowly towards them, still distant about two hundreds yards; a great red beast, with the huge development of neck and front which makes the bull, of all living creatures, the symbol of brute force.

Lady Casterly envisaged him severely.

"I dislike bulls," she said; "I think I must walk backward."

"You can't; it's too uphill."

"I am not going to turn back," said Lady Casterly. "The bull ought not to be here. Whose fault is it? I shall speak to some one. Stand still and look at him. We must prevent his coming nearer."

They stood still and looked at the bull, who continued to approach.

"Granny," said Barbara, "you must go quickly on to the stile. When you're over I'll come too."

"Certainly not," said Lady Casterly, "we will go together. Take no notice of him; I have great faith in that."

"Granny darling, you must do as I say, please; I remember this bull, he is one of ours.

At those rather ominous words Lady Casterly gave her a sharp glance.

"I shall not go," she said. "My legs feel quite strong now. We can run, if necessary."

"So can the bull," said Barbara.

"I'm not going to leave you," muttered Lady Casterly. "If he turns vicious I shall talk to him. He won't touch me. You can run faster than I; so that's settled."

"Don't be absurd, dear," answered Barbara; "I am not afraid of bulls."

Lady Casterly flashed a look at her which had a gleam of amusement.

"I can feel you," she said; "you're just as trembly as I am."

The bull was now distant some eighty yards, and they were still quite a hundred from the stile.

"Granny," said Barbara, "if you don't go on as I tell you, I shall leave you, and go and meet him! You musn't be so obstinate!"

Lady Casterly's answer was to grip her grand-daughter round the waist; the nervous force of that thin arm was surprising.

"The ground is level now," said Barbara; "can you run?"

"I think so," gasped Lady Casterly; and

suddenly she found herself half-lifted from the ground, and, as it were, flying towards the stile. She heard a noise behind; then Barbara's voice:

"We must stop. He's on us. Get behind me."

She felt herself caught and pinioned by two arms that seemed set on the wrong way. Instinct and a general softness told her that she was back to back with her granddaughter.

"Let me go!" she gasped; "let me go!"

"Granny," Barbara's voice came, calm and breathless, "don't! You only excite him! Are we near the stile?"



From "The Long Roll." Copyright, 1911, by Houghton Mifflin Co.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

"Ten yards," panted Lady Casterly.

"Look out, then!" There was a sort of warm flurry round her, a rush, a heave, a scramble; she was beyond the stile. The bull and Barbara, a yard or two apart, were just the other side. Lady Casterly raised her handkerchief and fluttered it. The bull looked up; Barbara, all legs and arms, came slipping down beside her.

Without wasting a moment Lady Casterly leaned forward and addressed the bull:

"You awful brute!" she said; "I will have you well flogged."

Gently pawing the ground, the bull snuffled.

"Are you any the worse, child?"

"Not a scrap," said Barbara's serene, still breathless voice.

Lady Casterly put up her hands, and took the girl's face between them.

"What legs you have!" she said. "Give me a kiss!"

Having received a hot, rather quivering kiss, she walked on, holding somewhat firmly to Barbara's arm.

CLEAVE'S DISGUISE IS DISCOVERED.

From Mary Johnston's "The Long Roll." (Houghton Mifflin.)

The first of two books dealing with the Civil War. The tale opens in December, 1860, with the reading of the Botetourt Resolutions, in which that mountain country of Virginia voiced its belief in States Rights. The men of the story enlist, and most of them are in Stonewall Jackson's command, all of whose campaigns are minutely and vividly described, the story ending with his death near Chancellorsville in 1863. There is a love story running through the book, but its strong interest is the war. Cleave, the hero, is sent on a perilous but important mission within the northern lines. The Union officers suspect he is a spy, but he gets the information he is after and has so far evaded detection.

THE ranks opened and there emerged a stout German musician. "Herr Captain! I was in Winchester before I ran away and joined der Union. Herr Captain, I haf seen this man. I haf seen him in der grey uniform, with der gold sword and der sash. And lieber Gott, dot horse is known! Dot horse is der horse of Captain Richard Cleave. Dot horse is named Dundee."

"Dundee—'" exclaimed Marchmont. "That's the circumstance. You started to say 'Dundee.'"

He gave an abrupt laugh. "On the whole, I like you even better than I did—but it's a question now for a drumhead and a provost guard. I'm sorry—"

The other's hand had been resting upon his horse's neck. Suddenly there was a motion of his knee, a pressure of this hand, a curious sound, half speech, half cry, addressed to the bay beneath him. Dundee backed, gathered himself together, arose in air, cleared the rail fence, overpassed the embankment and the rivulet beneath, touched the frosted earth of the cornfield, and was away like an arrow toward the misty white river. Out of the tumult upon the road rang a shot. Marchmont, the smoking pistol still in hand, urged his horse to the leap, touched in turn the field below, and at top speed followed the bay. He shouted to the troopers behind him; their horses made some difficulty, but in another moment they, too, were in pursuit. Rifles flashed from the road, but the bay had reached a copse that gave a moment's shelter. Horse and rider emerged unharmed from the friendly walls of cedar and locust. "Forward, sharpshooters!" cried the infantry captain. A lieutenant and half a dozen men made all haste across the fence, down the low bluff, and over the field. As they ran one fired, then another, but the fleeing horse kept on, the rider close to the neck, in their sight, beyond the water, the Virginia shore. The bay moved as though he knew not fatigue, but only a friend's dire need. The stock told; many a race had been won by his forefathers. What his rider's hand and voice conveyed cannot be precisely known, but that which was effected was an access of love, courage, and understanding of the end desired. He moved with every power drawn to the point in hand. Marchmont, only a few lengths behind, fired again. The ball went through Cleave's sleeve, grazing his arm and Dundee's shoulder. The two shot on, Marchmont behind, then the two

mounted men, then the sharpshooters, running afoot. From the road the remainder of the company watched with immemorial, whiteheat interest the immemorial incident. "He's wounded—the bay's wounded, too! They'll get him at the canal!—Thar's a bridge around the bend, but he don't know it!—Climb atop the fence; ye can see better—"



WARREN SHOWS HIS HAND.

From *Futrelle's "The High Hand."* (Bobbs-Merrill.)

A tale of politics and love in a Western state by the author of "Elusive Isabel." Jim Warren, a worker in a big plow manufacturing plant, has, through sheer ability, risen to be superintendent of the works, when he decides to go into politics and expose the corruption in his state. He succeeds in most dramatic manner, and then finds that the father of the girl he loves is a candidate for the governorship against himself. Franques, Warren's tool, earlier in the game, comes to plead with him.

FRANQUES came back to the point that interested him most. "How are you going to do it?"

"How?" Jim Warren echoed. "I've

marked the cards. This political game is played with a marked pack. I've marked this pack! I've shuffled 'em myself and dealt myself the high hand. Now I'm going to play it out." He stopped; the tense earnestness of his manner passed, his tone became quite casual. "So far as my relations with you are concerned, you never had a chance. I've no sentiment about it at all. I never intended from the first to do anything but double-cross you, once I was elected. You thought I was easy; I could see it in your eyes that first day we met—I knew it when you made your proposition. I accepted that proposition and played upon your selfishness and desire for revenge upon Lewis to use you, to make you advance my interests. I've squeezed you like a lemon; now I've finished with you."

For a long time Franques said nothing. His dream of power, through this man at



From "The High Hand."

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"YOU DIDN'T BEAT HIM, DID YOU?"

least, was shattered; argument was useless—he knew that too. Suddenly he looked very old, very weak, very feeble. He picked up his dusty-looking hat and twisted it idly in his hands.

"There is honor even among thieves," he reminded Jim Warren.



JACOB LEARNS THE TRUTH.

From Beresford's "Early History of Jacob Stahl." (Little, B.)

Jacob Stahl has a curious heredity of German, Jewish and Irish blood. He is injured when a baby and for years is unable to walk. Temperamentally he is averse to any continued effort, and it is only the determined work of his Aunt Hester that overcomes his paralysis and teaches him to walk. When about twenty he meets Madeline Felmersdale and the two fall in love with each other. Madeline is an elemental young woman who has already had one questionable love affair, and has no intention of marrying any one so much her

social inferior as Jacob Stahl. The young man interviews her father on the subject of an engagement between Madeline and himself with most unsatisfactory results.

THEY walked in silence till they reached the spinnery, and then Madeline said, "Of course, it was no earthly?"

"No," returned Jacob shortly.

"Well, I told you that before, but you would do it," said Madeline.

"I know. I know," returned Jacob crossly. "It's not that I'm thinking about. That doesn't make any difference, really."

"Oh! doesn't it? It does! You won't be able to come up now he knows."

"Do you mind?" asked Jacob. Despite his sudden, urgent jealousy of young Bassett, despite a noticeable shadow of coolness in her recent behaviour, despite everything (he still trusted and believed in her). His question was put as a test, he wanted her assurance. He wanted comfort even as he had wanted it many years ago when he had been bullied by Sandyhair, as he had wanted it when his mother died.

"I suppose we shall have to face things sooner or later," was Madeline's disappointing reply.

"Face things? Face what?" he asked.

"You know—we are growing up, we aren't children any longer."

"Do you mean to say," stammered Jacob, unable as yet to grasp the significance of her answer, "that we mustn't see each other—at least, not so much?"

"What's the good? It can't lead to anything."

"But, Maidie, you're mine."

They had come to the gate of the spinnery; Madeline leaned against it, and kept her eyes on the ground, fidgeting with her shoe.

"We were only children," she said.

"But, darling, you can't mean that this is to be the end? You don't mean that, surely you don't mean that?"

"What's the good of going on with it?"

"Do you mean you don't care for me any more?"

Madeline lifted her eyes and looked him straight in the face. "You can put it that way, if you like," she said.

All the insults heaped upon him that afternoon rose up in Jacob's mind, all his degradations of which this last was the greatest. That instinct of resentment which had smouldered in Sir Anthony's presence burst into a flame before the girl who had so injured and wronged him.

"Damn you, damn you all!" he broke out. "You are horrible, contemptible, every one of you. There isn't one of you fit for a decent person to know. I hate and loathe you. Thank God I need never meet any one of you again. Let me go! I want to get away from you. You're—I needn't tell you what, your own conscience will tell you that."

He pushed past Madeline and hurried on to the stile. He left her ashamed and silent, but she made no effort to call him back.

Thus Jacob learned to despise the standards of Elmover.

LEILA GIVES WAY TO MASSIMO.

From Fogazzaro's "Leila." (Doran.)

This is probably the last novel we shall ever have from Fogazzaro's pen, as nothing has been learned of any manuscripts left unpublished by him. The book is a companion rather than a sequel to "The saint," some of the same characters appearing in "Leila" as were actors in the earlier story. The saint was anti-clerical and Modernist in attitude, while in "Leila" this is reversed and the author is arrayed against Modernism and returns to the Roman Catholic church. The last book is the story of a woman's heart, while the other was that of a man's conscience. All will sympathize with the wooing of Leila.

"ARE you alone?"

Leila hid her face in her hands without answering. The young man seized her hands, and felt them steadily but slowly yielding, in a wave of self-abandonment such as no spoken word could have expressed. He murmured incoherent words and offered her his arm, feeling that she would shrink from being led by the hand here, where at any moment some one might pass, but still unwilling to relinquish his hold of her.

Aflame with happiness, Leila had once more become mistress of herself, while Massimo, whose head reeled, did not know which direction to take. He turned towards Dasio. Leila did not speak, but the arm he held guided him gently in the opposite direction, towards the woods. Once among the trees, he put his arm round her and they kissed for the first time, yet not passionately, but almost reverently. Then Leila dropped her face upon Massimo's breast.

"It is for ever?"

Her only answer was to press her head closer to his breast. They heard women's voices in the wood, and Leila, raising her head, started forward in front of Massimo, turning often to glace at him. On passing the cluster of cyclamen that Massimo had noticed but a short time before, he gathered one for her and smiled. She kissed the hand that held out the flower, and then spoke for the first time:

"Why do you smile?"

The low, familiar voice thrilled him. He was more sure than ever now that he was not dreaming, and more than ever did reality appear as a dream. That voice had been familiar to him only in coldness, in scorn, and in anger. These words, trivial in themselves, were the sweet and solemn notes of an unknown chord of love.

"You are the one who have much to forgive," said he, tenderly, thinking of his own unjust thoughts of her. But the past came back to each with such overwhelming force that neither could speak, in protest or in exclamation. They walked on in silence as far as the open pasture-lands of San Rocco, where the river thundered its greeting to them.

"Listen," said Massimo.

Leila closed her eyes, for the difference in the landscape prevented this deep voice from awakening in her memories of the Posina. The sharp mountain air and the tinkling of bells from the pastures reminded her only of the wild slope where the rhododendrons grew, and where love had conquered.

Exhausted with emotion and fatigue, the

colour suddenly fled from her face, and she told Massimo that she must rest. Anxious and alarmed, he placed her on the grass, and, taking her hands in his, began stroking and caressing them. She sat looking earnestly into his face, her eyes shining with tenderness and love.

Massimo proposed that they should return to Dasio, where she would be able to rest and refresh herself; and she agreed immediately, as if it were her part not to acquiesce but simply to obey.



From "What's-His Name."

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FAIRFAX WAS SITTING ON A TRUNK, A SATISFIED SMILE ON HIS LIPS.

WHAT'S-HIS-NAME LEARNS HOW THE WORLD REGARDS HIM.

From McCutcheon's "What's-His-Name."

(Dodd, M.)

The hero is so constantly overlooked and ignored by everyone, that his name is generally forgotten and he is called "What's-His-Name." He is a likable, lovable little fellow, the little-known husband of a well-known actress wife. overshadowed by circumstances, overshadowed by his wife, overshadowed by New York, he believes himself no good and yet

before the story is finished the reader finds the little man far from a nonentity, and even capable of drawing a pistol on a typical New Yorker. What's-His-Name, tending their child through a severe sickness, is confronted by Fairfax, an admirer of his wife's.

FAIRFAX was getting tired of the argument.

"If you think she's going to take you to Europe, you're very much mistaken. Why, man, have you no pride? Can't you understand what a damned useless bit of dead weight you are, hanging to her neck?"

It was out at last. Harvey sat there staring at him, very still; such a pathetic figure that it seemed like rank cowardice to strike again. And yet Fairfax, now that he had begun, was eager to go on striking this helpless, inoffensive creature.

"She supports you. You haven't earned a dollar in four years. I have it from her, and from others. It is commonly understood that you won't work, you won't do a stroke toward supporting the child. You are a leech, a barnacle, à—a—well, a loafer. She has been too good to you, my little man. You can't blame her for getting tired of it. The great wonder is that she has stood for it so long."

Words struggled from Harvey's pallid lips.

"But she loves me," he said. "It's all understood between us. I gave her the start in life. She will tell you so. I—"

"You never did a thing for her in your life," broke in the big man, harshly.

"I've always wanted to get a job. She wouldn't let me," protested Harvey, a red spot coming into each of his cheeks. "I don't want to take the money she earns. I never have wanted to. But she says my place is here at home, with Phoebe. Somebody's got to look after the child. We've talked it over a—"

"I don't want to hear about it," snapped Fairfax, hitting the arm of his chair with his fist. "You're no good, that's all there is to it. You are a joke, a laughing stock. Do you suppose that she can possibly love a man like you? A woman wants a man about her, not the caricature of one."

Nellie's husband shrank into his chair.

WE GET THE CHEWING GUM LETTER.

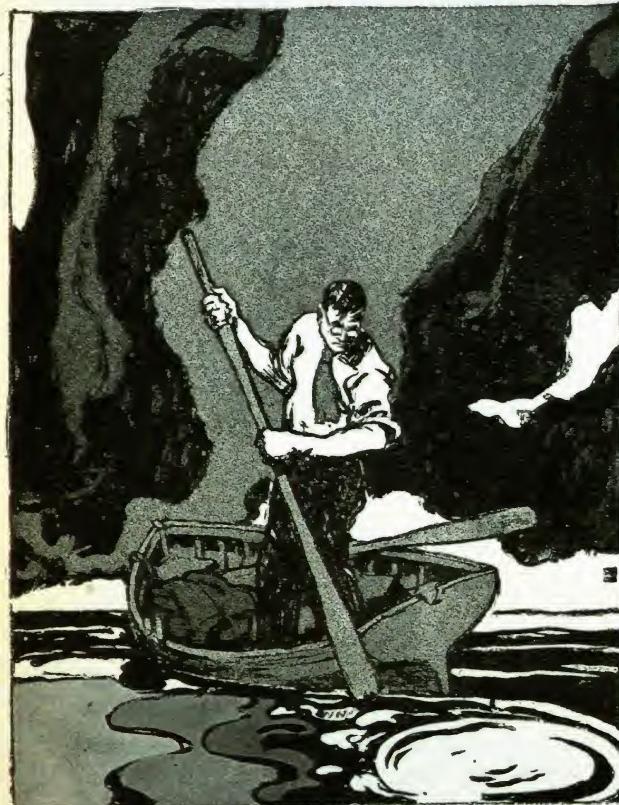
From Gouverneur Morris's "Yellow Men and Gold." (Dodd, M.)

Certainly adventures follow thick and fast in this story of a man who stumbled on an inventory of a Spanish treasure ship which was lost three hundred years ago, and who is drugged and robbed of the inventory and then shanghaied. More thrills and excitement come with the experience of the hero aboard a ship manned by a Chinese crew and captured by one Bessie, who consents to go on the search for treasure. Out of two parties of seekers only three live to tell the tale. Bessie and the hero come upon an unexpected clue in a little wine shop.

In the act of crossing one leg over the other my knee struck a hard knot under the table; upon investigation it came off in my hand, and proved to be a lump of hardened chewing-gum, and imbedded in the surface that had been flattened against the table was a paper, folded many times. We unfolded it, and read in English:

I get your word and hide; but Carroll get me. He break my finger to make me tell—one after the other—but I not tell. And I not believe he think I know. He gone north after you. Something tell me you come back, and we sail once more and find that gold where we leave him. Carroll have me put in prison. I am just out. Some of my finger not bend, and are all grow crooked; but you not mind, my dear, not you? I have cur baby in prison, but he is dead, when he come. I think it is because Carroll hurt me so, and trample on me to make me tell. I love you forever. C—.

"My God!" said Bessie.



From "Yellow Men and Gold."

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I RAMMED THE OAR FRANTICALLY INTO HIS FACE AND SAW HIM NO MORE.

A shadow fell between us, and we looked up into the face of the woman. She reached a small distorted hand toward the paper. "Carmen!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she said, "please give me thata letter. That not mean' for you."

"Was it meant for Roy Cunningham?" I asked.

She scrutinized me for some time with her great stag eyes.

"What of it?" she said.

I rose and offered her a chair.

"Please sit down and I will tell you what I know about him."

She sat down, all of a huddle, so to speak.

"Did Carroll kill him?" she asked presently in a quiet voice.



THE TAMING OF CORAZON.

From Pattullo's "The Untamed." (D. Fitzgerald.)

Stories of animals of the Southwest, but not the kind of tale which gives conversations between the beasts. All the talking is done by humans. One of the stories tells of the breaking of Corazón, a roping horse.

MULLINS sat composedly in the saddle, but he was riding as never before. He whipped the sorrel at every jump and raked him down the body from shoulder to loins with the ripping spurs. The brute gave no signs of letting up. Through Mullins' tan of copper hue showed a slight pallor. He was exhausted. If Corazón did not give in soon, the man would be beaten. Just then the horse stopped, feet a-sprawl.

"Mullins,"—the range boss got down from the fence,— "you'll kill that hoss. Between the cinches belongs to you; the head and hind quarters is the company's."

For a long minute Mullins stared at the beast's ears without replying.

"I reckon that's the rule," he acquiesced heavily. "Do you want that somebody else should ride him?"

"No-o-o. Go ahead. But, remember, between the cinches you go at him as you like—nowhere else."

The buster slapped the quirt down on Corazón's shoulder, but the broncho did not budge; then harder. With the first oath he had used, he jabbed in the spurs and lay back on the hackamore rope. Instead of bucking, Corazón reared straight up, his feet pawing like the hands of a drowning man. Before Mullins could move to step off the sorrel flung his head round and toppled backward.

"No, he's not dead." The range boss leaned over the buster and his hands fumbled inside the shirt.

QUEED LEARNS HIS OWN DEFINITION OF "ALTRUISM."

From H. S. Garrison's "Queed." (Houghton Mifflin.)

Queed is a queer pedantic little man, who drifts mysteriously into a Southern city, settles down in a boarding-house and applies himself to the composition of a learned tome on evolutionary sociology. He lives according to a rigid schedule, any deviation from which he violently resents. By degrees, first one person, then another, infringes on his sacred schedule, and life begins to touch him and he develops into a man who is a power for good in his community. There is a delightful heroine who does more than any one else to rouse the man. Very shortly after he arrives in town the rousing process is begun.

A GIGGLE shattered the academic calm, and Fifi, in horror, realized that she was the author of it. She looked up quickly, and her



From "Queed." Copyright, 1911, by Houghton Mifflin Co.

"MR. QUEED, YOU ARE AFFLICTED WITH A FATAL MALADY. YOUR COSMOS IS ALL EGO."

worst fears were realized. Mr. Queed was staring at her, as one scarcely able to credit his own senses, icy rebuke piercing through and overflowing his great round spectacles.

"I beg your pardon!—Mr. Queed. It—it slipped out, really—"

But the young man thought that the time had come when this question of noise in his dining-room must be settled once and for all.

"Indeed? Be kind enough to explain the occasion of it."

"Why," said Fifi, too truthful to prevaricate and completely cowed, "it—it was only the meaning of a word here. It—was silly of me. I—I can't explain it—exactly—"

"Suppose you try. Since your merriment interrupts my work, I claim the privilege of sharing it."

"Well! I—I—happened to see that word at the head of the page you are writing—"

"Proceed."

"I—I looked it up in the dictionary. It says," she read out with a gulp and a cough, "it means 'self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of others.'"

The poor child thought her point must now be indelicately plain, but the lips of Doctor Queed merely emitted another close-clipped: "Proceed."

At a desperate loss as she was, Fifi was suddenly visited by an idea. "Oh! I see. You're—you're writing *against* altruism, aren't you?"

"What leads you to that conclusion, if I may ask?"

"Why—I—I suppose it's the—way you—you do. Of course I oughtn't to have said it—"

"Go on. What way that I do?"

Poor Fifi saw that she was floundering in ever more deeply. With the boldness of despair she blurted out: "Well—one thing—you sent me out of the room that night—when I coughed, you know. I—I don't understand about altruism like you do, but I—should think it was—my interests to stay here—"

There followed a brief silence, which made Fifi more miserable than any open rebuke, and then Mr. Queed said in a dry tone: "I am engaged upon a work of great importance to the public, I may say to posterity. Perhaps you can appreciate that such a work is entitled to the most favorable conditions in which to pursue it."

"Of course. Indeed I understand perfectly, Mr. Queed," said Fifi, immediately touched by what seemed like kindness from him. And she added innocently: "All men—writing men, I mean—feel that way about their work—I suppose. I remember Mr. Sutro who used to have the very same room you're in now. He was writing a five-act play, all in poetry, to show the horrors of war, and he used to say—"

The young man involuntarily shuddered. "I have nothing to do with other men. I am thinking," he said with rather an unfortunate choice of words, "only of myself."

"Oh—I see! Now I understand exactly!"

"What is it that you see and understand so exactly?"

"Why, the way you feel about altruism. You believe in it for other people, but not for yourself! Isn't that right?"

H

PETER MEETS THE FAIRY PRINCESS.

From Farnol's "The Broad Highway."
(Little, Brown & Co.)

The period is early nineteenth century when George IV. was Prince Regent. The scene is Kent. The hero, Peter Vibart and his cousin Maurice are to try for the hand of a star of the social firmament and whoever wins her is to win £500,000 with her. The other is to have ten guineas. Peter Vibart, athlete and scholar, gives up the game at once and starts out the Broad Highway of life to earn his living. He meets tinkers, carriers, peddlers, highwaymen, pugilists, postillions, innkeepers—and the lovely heroine, and he draws them all to the life. She is, like himself, disguised, and he does not realize who she is: she knows him only as the blacksmith.

SHE was still kneeling beside my chair, but now she sat back, and turned to stare in the fire. And, as she sat, I noticed how full and round and white her arms were, for her sleeves were rolled high, and that the hand, which yet held the sponge, was likewise very

white, neither big nor little, a trifle wide, perhaps, but with long, slender fingers. Presently, with a sudden gesture, she raised her head and looked at me again—a long, searching look.

"Who are you?" she asked suddenly.

"My name," said I, "is Peter."

"Yes," she nodded, with her eyes still on mine.

"Peter—Smith!" I went on, "and by that same token, I am a blacksmith—very humbly at your service."

"Peter—Smith!" she repeated, as though trying the sound of it, hesitating at the surname exactly, as I had done. "Peter—Smith!—and mine" is Charmian, Charmian—Brown." And here again was a pause between the two names.

"Yours is a very beautiful name," said I, "especially the Charmian!"

"And yours," she retorted, "is a beautifully—ugly one!"

"Yes?"

"Especially the—Peter!"

"Indeed, I quite agree with you," said I, rising, "and now, if I may trouble you for the towel—thank you!" Forthwith I began to dry my face as well as I might on account of my injured thumb, while she watched me with a certain elusive merriment peeping from her eyes, and quivering at me round her lips, an expression half mocking, half amused, that I had seen there more than once already. Wherefore, to hide from her my consciousness of this, I fell to towelling myself vigorously, so much so, that, forgetting the cut in my brow, I set it bleeding faster than ever.

"Oh, you are very clumsy!" she cried, springing up, and snatching the towel from me, she began to stanch the blood with it. "If you will sit down, I will bind it up for you."

"Really, it is quite unnecessary," I demurred.

"Quite!" said she; "is there anything will serve as a bandage?"

"There is the towel!" I suggested.

"Not to be thought of!"

"Then you might tear a strip off the sheet," said I, nodding towards the bed.

"Ridiculous!" said she, and proceeded to

draw a handkerchief from the bosom of her dress, and having folded it with great nicety and moistened it in the bowl, she tied it about my temples.

"Now, to do this, she had, perforce, to pass her arms about my neck, and this brought her so near that I could feel her breath upon my lips, and there stole to me, out of her hair, or out of her bosom, a perfume very sweet, that was like the fragrance of violets at evening. But her hands were all too dexterous, and, quicker than it takes to write, the bandage was tied, and she was standing before me, straight and tall.



THE FLYING COW.

From Sayler's "Airship Boys in Finance." (Reilly & Britton.)

The problem of how old Brindle jumped over Niagara Falls is solved, and the solution leads to the establishing of the Universal Aerial Transportation Company, Mr. Morgan, the financier, interesting himself in the boy heroes and their project. The phenomenon itself must be believed or unbelieved in, as you will.

THE celebrated and hitherto unexplained flight of the "Flying Cow" began in the City of Niagara Falls.

Those who saw this meteoric phenomenon agreed, in the main, on these facts: A cow had suddenly sprung into the air, and without wings, balloon attachment, or visible motive power, sailed swiftly over the thunderous Niagara Falls; the same cow had descended uninjured into a field on the Canada side; the time was six twenty-seven o'clock in the morning.

In many other particulars the witnesses varied. The mysterious cow (described as white, bony, brindle, and muley) had risen into the air from different parts of the city. There were several who saw it shooting upward from a southern suburb. As to the height to which it rose, the estimates ran from two hundred feet to "a mile or more;" but all conceded that it crossed the gorge well above the cloud of mist that hangs always over the falls. And there was exact testimony by a few fortunate Canadian spectators to this effect:

After reaching its greatest altitude directly above the falls' mist cloud, the cow sank rapidly to the earth once more and landed in an open pasture about three-quarters of a mile north of the gorge electric railroad loop on the Canada side. Here, the first persons to arrive saw some one spring into an automobile and dash away in a cloud of dust.

At the same moment the "Flying Cow," a little wobbly on her legs but with no apparent marks of injury, was found already attacking the grazing in her new pasture. Out of these facts, ornamented with endless fanciful detail, grew the sensational stories that spread all over the country. No two newspapers agreed in the

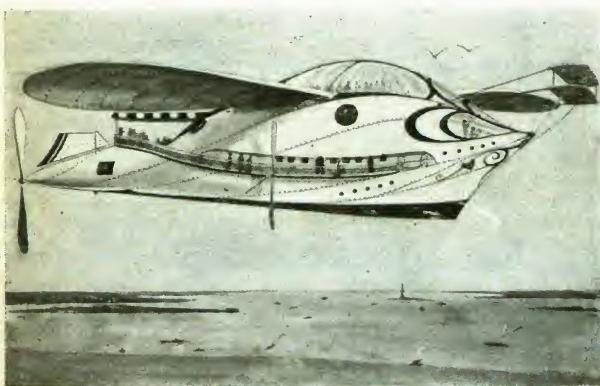


Illustration from the "Airship Boys Series." Copyright 1911, by Reilly & Britton Co.



From "Robert Kimberley."

Copyright 1911, by Charles Scribner's Sons

"I DESPISE YOUR THREATS," SHE SAID, CHOKING WITH HER OWN WORDS. "I DESPISE YOU."

account of the episode, and as days passed without a solution of the mystery, the wise part of the public had but one recourse,—to dismiss the matter with a smile as "only another newspaper story."



ALICE DEFIES HER HUSBAND.

From Frank H. Spearman's "Robert Kimberley."
(Scribner.)

The Kimberlys have been for generations "in sugar." Robert, the actual present head of the house, an inscrutable, dominating multi-millionaire, falls in love with the wife of the head of a minor company his trust is absorbing. Mrs. MacBirney, sweet and sensible woman, finally awakens to the fact that her husband is actually a selfish bounder and that Kimberley, by sheer force of his tremendous personality, has won her love. He has always been as ruthless in his loves as in his business; yet Alice holds him, although her husband's increasing brutality has made her despise him.

For supper the party went with Nelson. The gayety of the others left Alice cold. Nelson, with the art of the practised entertainer, urged the eating and drinking, and when the party left the buzzing café some of

them were heated and unrestrained. At two o'clock Alice with her husband and Fritzie reached their apartment, and Alice, very tired, went directly to her own rooms. MacBirney came in, somewhat out of humor. "What's the matter with you to-night?" he demanded. Alice had dismissed Annie and her husband sat down beside her table.

"With me? Nothing, Walter; why?"

"You acted so cattish all the evening," he complained, with an irritating little oath.

Alice was in no mood to help him along. "How so?" she asked, tying her hair as she turned to look at him.

"You know what I mean just as well as I do," he went on curtly. "You never opened your mouth the whole evening. Lottie asked me what the matter was with you—"

Alice repeated but one word of the complaining sentence. "Lottie!" she echoed. Her husband's anger grew. "If Lottie would talk less," continued Alice quietly, "and drink less, I should be less ashamed to be seen with her.

So it is Lottie you're jealous of?"

"No, not 'jealous of,' only ashamed of. Even at the dinner she was scandalous, I thought.

Her husband regarded her with stubborn contempt, and it hurt. "You are very high and mighty to-night. I wonder," he said with a scarcely concealed sneer, "whether prosperity has turned your head."

"You need not look at me in that way, Walter, and you need not taunt me."

"You have been abusing Lottie Nelson a good deal lately. I wish you would stop it." He rose and stood with one hand on the table. Alice was slipping her rings into the cup in front of her, and she dropped in the last with some spirit.

"I will stop it. And I hope you will never speak of her again. I certainly never will entertain her again under any circumstances."

"You will entertain her the next time I tell you to."

Alice turned quite white. "Have you anything else to say to me?"

Her very restraint enraged him. "Only that if you try to ride your high horse with

me," he replied, "I will send you back to St. Louis some fine day."

"Is that all?"

"That is all. And if you think I don't mean what I say, try it sometime." As he spoke he pushed the chair in which he had been sitting roughly aside.

Alice rose to her feet. "I despise your threats," she said, choking with her own words. "I despise you. I can't tell you how I despise you." Her heart beat rebelliously and she shook in every limb; expressions that she would not have known for her own fell stinging from her lips. "You have bullied me for the last time. I have stood your abuse for five years. It will stop now. You will do the cringing and creeping from now on. That woman never shall sit down at a table with me again, not if you beg it of me on your knees. You are a cowardly wretch; I know you perfectly; you never were anything else. I have paid dearly for ever believing you a man." Her contempt burned the words she uttered. "Now drive me one step further," she sobbed widely, "if you dare!"

She snapped out the light above her head with an angry twist. Another light shone through the open door of her sleeping-room and through this door she swiftly passed, slamming it shut and locking it sharply behind her.

MacBirney had never seen his wife in such a state. He was surprised; but there could be no mistake. Her blood was certainly up.



DEIRDRE BARGAINS WITH HER HUSBAND.

From Stockley's "The Claw." (Putnam.)

Another story of South Africa by the author of "Poppy." Deirdre Saurin goes out to visit her brother and at the last moment her chaperon refuses to go up to Mashonaland, so the girl travels across the veldt alone. She arrives at Fort George just as trouble is brewing with the Matabele. The women of the place object to having an attractive girl come among them, especially when Anthony Kinsella falls in love with her. Then the war breaks out and Kinsella is supposed to have been killed, so after some time Deirdre decides to marry another man, who proves most unworthy. After months of misery she manages to make something of her husband, and then discovers that Kinsella is alive.

"DEIRDRE, you would not leave me?"

"Not unless you force me to. But so sure as you forget the compact there is between us, Maurice, I will go. Understand now clearly and then let us speak of it no more. I married you believing Anthony Kinsella to be dead, and hoping to dedicate the rest of my loveless life to something which would make it worth the living. You offered me the task of helping you, and I took it with a clear bargain between us, and a hope. Ah! I know not what hope, but I thought that perhaps—life might still bear some little gentle flower. And so it may." I found courage to continue, looking at his whitening face: "I pray God for your sake, that it may be. But you must not forget, Maurice, that things do not stand just where they were that night we made our bargain; do not forget that I gave my promise with a lie between us that made all the difference to me; that now I know the truth and believe Anthony Kinsella

still alive I can no more help loving him than I can help my heart from beating. You can drive me from your home if you choose, but I tell you that I love him, and I will never forswear my love for him. I cannot now ever give him my body as he has my soul; but neither will I give it to another."

My voice had sunk to a whisper. My words rustled out like leaves across my dry



From "In Her Own Right." Copyright, 1911 by J. B. Lippincott Co.

"TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF," HE SAID.

lips. He, too, was pallid-faced and stammering.

"This is a bitter bargain!"

"Not less for you than for me," I contended inexorably, for I was fighting for more than life. I knew that if this last appeal failed it would be the end. The ship of our marriage must founder, and we two, like broken, useless spars float apart on dangerous seas.



CAROLINE PUZZLES HER MOTHER.

From Florence Morse Kingsley's "The Return of Caroline." (Funk & W.)

Caroline had been away to boarding-school, and when she returned to her father's farm she had developed airs and graces which threatened to overwhelm her really sterling qualities. But when she is put to the test she shows that she is not spoiled, and both she and the man she at first flouted are happy. Caroline has just got home and her mother has taken her up to her room.

MRS. TATE'S kind, middle-aged face betrayed her growing bewilderment as she helped her daughter arrange her girlish belongings in the great southeast chamber which had been freshly papered and painted in honor of her final home-coming.

"It was awfully sweet of you to have it done, mother, dear; but if you had asked me, I should have chosen something in blue and white, instead of these old-fashioned wreaths. Pink is so common, and it fades so. Oh—and, mother, did you get my letter

about the furniture? I see you have my old black walnut set in here.

"I thought it far handsomer than those old pieces, Carrie. It's perfectly good, and you know, the veneer is chipped off that bureau of your grandmother's."

"It can be repaired," the girl said decidedly. "There is a place in Boston where all that sort of work is done beautifully. I went there with one of the girls last week. I'm simply determined to have this room in blue and white and old mahogany. It will be too sweet and stylish for anything. I'm going to ask Nathan if he'll sell me that old sofa out of his parlor; and I'd *love* that carved four-poster of Aunt Julia's. Don't you think you could coax it away from her, mother? I want to have it curtained with blue-and-white chintz—to match the walls, you know; and with little straight curtains of the chintz at the windows and dotted muslin trimmed with little balls looped back, it will be simply *dear!*"

"But Carrie—"

The girl whirled about and caught her mother in the strong embrace of her round, white arms.

"If you love me, mother, dear, please don't call me Carrie. If you knew how I hated it! Call me Carolyn or Carol; it's ever so much prettier. Now, confess; don't you like it better?"

"Why, I don't know. I—I've always called you Carrie since you were a baby, and—"

"Well, you'll have to stop doing it now," laughed the girl; "I shall simply insist upon it."

Mrs. Tate sighed vaguely as she shook out the folds of a pale blue muslin gown.



GIFT-BOOKS FOR COMMENCEMENT.

EVERYBODY knows one or more girls who are "going to graduate" these coming "perfect days" of June. Everybody wants to give these sisters, nieces, daughters and friends some little memento for the years to come of the graduation days and their festivities. Nothing is so fitting as a book in which the happy girls may record their triumphs and delights; in which they may paste the programmes of graduation exercises, the dance cards of the graduation ball, little samples of the dresses they wore, little clippings from the papers of their home town, the class

picture, etc. H. M. Caldwell Co., of Boston, seem to know just what will satisfy and delight the girl heart. "My Graduation," arranged by Marion L. Peabody, is indeed a sumptuous and elaborate memory book. It starts beautiful enough for any body at \$2.50, and then puts on prettier and more elaborate garments of canvas and leather, and lithograph and gilt ornamentation, until at \$7.50 it will "turn" not only the girl's head, but the heads of any sized family. These various bindings and boxings are known as *Senior edition*, *Diploma edition*, *Alma Mater edition* and *Graduation edition*, and L. J. Bridgman and Adrian J. Orio have done their work at beautifying them as well as Marion L. Peabody. Go look at them in any bookstore, and ask to see also "My High School Days," "My School Life" and "School Day Memories" in their competing artistic bindings. Ask also to see the various dainty series of books interesting to boys and girls gotten up specially for "graduation presents."



From "The Big League."

Copyright, 1911, by Small, Maynard & Co.

"THE OLD CRAB MADE ONE MORE MIGHTY LEAP."

BREAKING IN A PUPPY.

From John Mills' "Life of a Foxhound" (Doran.)

This autobiography of an old and sagacious hound is retold for a new generation. He tells his sensations at his first hunt, "when instinct prompts, and when example guides."

We clustered to him, and, poking my nose to the ground, I drew in a scent which made every hackle on my body stiffen with delight. Up went my head, and forth I sent some music that came from my very heart.

"See that puppy," said the Squire. "How he loves it!"

"Have at him, Ringwood!" hallooed the huntsman, rising in his stirrups. "Have at him, good hound!" and then, turning to the Squire, I heard him remark, "He's a perfect wonder, sir."

"Yes," was the reply, "he's the most promising I have even seen."

We now got to our fox in a body, and crashed him through the cover. Full swing we flew, and, as we swept out of the furze, I was astonished to lose the scent which we had carried so strong up to the corner of the brake, and flung myself here and there to pick it up again. Most of us were sorely puzzled for a few seconds, when Trimbush, after stooping his nose to the ground for some distance, down wind and up, along the verge of the cover, said to me, "The artful dodger's slipped back, and shot into the brake again."

"Tally-ho! tally-ho! Gone away!" hallooed a voice from the farthest end of the cover.

"I told you so," said Trimbush. "We were too close to him, and he headed back to make the distance greater at the burst."

I now sniffed the scent again, and, thinking I was showing off, made as much noise as I possibly could.

"Keep your tongue still," snapped Trimbush. "Like most puppies, two-legged and four, if they possess a good voice, they seldom exhibit equal good sense in using it."

Twang, twang, twang, twa—a—ng! went Will Sykes's horn, as he jammed his horse through bush and brier.

"For'ard, for'ard!" shouted Tom Holt. "Get to him, hounds, get to him."



INITIATING THE PURSUIT OF JANE.

From Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes' "Jane Oglander." (Scribner.)

The chief actors in this story of English life are Jane Oglander, a fine, loyal girl. Her Lingard, a distinguished soldier engaged to Jane, Athena Maule, a beautiful Circé type of woman, and her husband, a keenly intellectual paralytic. When the story opens Jane Oglander, walking on Westminster Bridge, excites the speculative interest of Ryecroft, a young writer and philosopher.

RYECROFT gently approached closer and closer to her, and at last he was able to see what it was she was bending over and reading with such intentness: "General Lingard's Home-coming," "Splendid Reception at Victoria Station." So was the column headed, and already her eyes had travelled down to the last paragraph:

"To conclude: by his defeat of the great Mahomedan Emir of Bobo, General Lingard has added to the British Crown another magnificent jewel in the Sultanate of Amadawa."

Then came a cross-head—"Pen Portrait." "Lingard is above all things a fighter. His eye is keen, alert, passionless. He is a tall man, and he dominates those with whom he stands. His life as a soldier has been from the beginning a wooing of peril, and as a result he has commanded a victorious expedition at an age when his seniors are hoping to command a regiment. He does not talk as other men talk—he is no teller of 'good stories.' He is a Man."

Jane Oglander looked up, and there came a glow—a look of proud, awed gladness on her face.

Then, folding the paper, she walked steadily on. But though she crossed over the bridge as if she were going to the hospital, to the side entrance where visitors are admitted, she walked on past the mass of buildings. Then she turned sharply to the left, Ryecroft still following, till she came to a small row of houses, respectable, but poor and mean in appearance, in a narrow street which was redeemed to a certain extent by the fact that there was a Queen Anne church at one end of it, and next to the church a substantial rectory or vicarage house. To Ryecroft's measureless astonishment, she opened her purse, took out a latch-key and let herself into the front-door of one of the small houses. . . .

Three weeks later Henry Ryecroft happened to be in that same neighbourhood, and he suddenly remembered his Lady of Westminster Bridge. Greatly daring—but he ever loved such daring—he rang at the door of the house at which he had seen her go in.

A typical Londoner of the hard-working, self-respecting class answered his ring. She stood for a moment looking at him, waiting for him to speak.

"Is the lady in?" he asked, feeling suddenly ashamed and foolish. "I mean the young lady who lives here."

"Miss Oglander?" said the woman. "No, she's away. But I'll give you her address."

She handed him a piece of paper on which was written in what he thought was a singularly pretty handwriting:

MISS OGLANDER,
Rede Place,
Redyford,
Surrey.

He took the little piece of paper and walked away. When he found himself on the bridge he dropped the paper into the river. "Oglander," he said to himself, "a curious, charming name."



FIRST AID TO SUICIDES.

From Glaspey's "The Visioning." (Stokes.)

This is a story of Katherine Wayneworth Jones, who always does and says the most unexpected things possible in that place where such a faculty is prized the highest—an army station. An island in the Mississippi is the station of this quiet post, and here the heroine is introduced as assisting at a startling adventure.

PICTURING herself romping with the boy and dogs, prowling about on the river in Wayne's new launch, lounging under those great oak trees reading good lazing books, doing everything because she wanted to and nothing because she had to, flirting just enough with Captain Prescott to keep a sense

of the reality of life, she lay there gloating over the happy prospect.

And then in that most irresponsible and unsuspecting of moments something whizzed into her consciousness like a bullet—something shot by her vision pierced the lazy, hazy, carelessly woven web of imagery—bullet-swift, bullet-true, bullet-terrible—striking the center clean and strong. The suddenness and completeness with which she sat up almost sent her from her place. For from the very instant that her eye rested upon the figure of the girl in pink organdie dress and big hat she knew something was wrong.

And when, within a few feet of the river the girl stopped running, shrank back, covered her face with her hands, then staggered on, she knew that that girl was going to the river to kill herself.

There was one frozen instant of powerlessness. Then—what to do? Call to her? She would only hurry on. Run after her? She could not get there. It was intuition—instinct—took the short cut a benumbed reason could not make; rolling headlong down the bunker, twisting her neck and mercilessly bumping her elbow, Katherine Wayneworth Jones emitted a shriek to raise the very dead themselves. And then three times a quick, wild "Help—Help—Help!" and a less audible prayer that no one else was near.

It reached; the girl stopped, turned, saw the rumpled, lifeless-looking heap of blue linen, turned back toward the river, then once more to the motionless Miss Jones, lying face downward in the sand. And then the girl who thought life not worth living, delaying her own preference, with rather reluctant feet—feet clad in pink satin slippers—turned back to the girl who wanted to live badly enough to call for help.

Through one-half of one eye Katie could see her; she was thinking that there was something fine about a girl who wanted to kill herself putting it off long enough to turn back and help some one who wanted to live.

Miss Jones raised her head just a trifle, showed her face long enough to roll her eyes in a grawsome way she had learned at school, and with a "Help me!" buried her face in the sand and lay there quivering.

The girl knelt down. "You sick?" she asked, and Katie had the fancy of her voice sounding as though she had not expected to use it any more.

"So ill!" panted Kate, rolling over on her back and holding her heart. "Here! My heart!"

The girl looked around uncertainly.



WHIPPING DEEP POOLS.

From Camp's "The Fine Art of Fishing." (*Outing*)

A book which combines the pleasure of catching fish with the gratification of following the sport in the most approved manner, including such subjects as "Casting Fine and Far Off," "Strip-Casting for Bass," "Fishing for Mountain Trout," and "Autumn Fishing for Lake Trout."

ALTHOUGH fly-casting consists for the most part of fast-water fishing, yet in nearly every

stream there are many deep, still pools and often long reaches of still-water wherein are resident the very largest trout of the river. Aristocratic seclusion is theirs, and their rule is absolute. Quietly the activities of the pool go on about them. At times a muskrat or mink stems silently the still surface of the waters. Nervous king-fishers perch momentarily on overhanging branches and then, rattling, seek other vantage points. Insect life is abundant about the pool from brilliant butterflies to invisible midges. At times a kindergarten of foolish minnows ventures into the sacred precincts; scattered, with some lost and many wounded, they dart away before the onslaught of the weighty residents. Thus living at ease, with much good eating which comes to them quite independently of effort on their part, serene in the knowledge of their superior strength and size, the brook trout of the still-waters wax ever mightier and, from the angler's viewpoint, more desirable.

In the riffles and rapids no extraordinary skill is needed to lend life-like motion to the flies. Once the cast is made and the flies have alighted upon the water in the desired spot, they are caught by the eddies and drifted here and there in almost exact imitation of half-drowned, struggling insects. In the still-waters it is different. Here life must be imparted to the flies by skilful handling of rod and line; and, too, more care must be taken in the actual casting, that is, the flies must be dropped upon the water with all possible gentleness. A cast which in all probability would be a successful one in broken water might cause the flies to impact on the glassy surface of the pool with a splash quite sufficient to present any hope of a rise in the immediate vicinity.



SIR LIONEL IS ARRESTED.

From Mrs. Dillon's "Miss Livingston's Companion." (Century.)

Sir Lionel Marchmont is sent to America by his father to save him from an imprudent marriage. In New York he meets Alexander Hamilton, Burr, Gouverneur Morris, Robert Fulton, Washington Irving and other noted men of the day. Mademoiselle Desluge, a charming and mysterious companion to Miss Livingston, is the heroine, who for a long time proves most elusive. Sir Lionel is warned by Mlle. Desluge, and other friends to stay away from the celebrations in New York when the corner-stone of the City Hall is laid. He disregards their warnings, with surprising results.

INVOLUNTARILY I glanced around for Mr. La Force. He was nowhere in sight. Will, on the other side of me and wholly engrossed in Mr. Livingston's speech, which, though the attention I had been able to give it was but broken and distracted, I had yet discovered to be an eloquent one—had noticed nothing of what was happening to me. I turned to him and spoke low and hurriedly:

"Will, do not turn your head nor show any signs of excitement. I am arrested—I do not know for what, but I think it best to go quietly with the constable. As soon as the ceremonies are over, inform Mr. Livingston and bring him to the Bridewell, if he will come. Send Scipio and Saladin to the City Tavern. Good-by, my lad."

Will clutched the hand I extended to him convulsively, but turned toward me with an almost preternatural air of indifference, though his face was pale and his eyes were burning.

"The Bridewell!" he gasped in a choked voice. "You shall not sleep there, Sir Lionel—it must be all some horrible mistake."

"Yes, I am sure of it," I answered. "But do not take it too much to heart—it is bound to be cleared up as soon as I see Mr. Livingston."

Sauntering, with assumed carelessness, along the fringes of the throng toward the Bridewell, I saw Will slipping through the crowd and hurrying toward the tall Lombardy poplar where Scipio was holding our horses, and I was glad that his father had let him come with me to New York. In this strange new land, in this startling experience, I would indeed have felt forlorn and friendless but for this boy of sixteen.

Then my glance flew across the heads of the listening thousands to the platform. No one had noticed my arrest. It had been cleverly done without making the slightest stir. Not a man, as far as I knew, had interrupted his rapt listening to the speaker long enough to turn his head and gaze curiously at the ill-assorted pair—the burly officer of the peace and the slender stripling at his side, with his head in the air, whistling under his breath an air from Don Giovanni with a gayety the most casual observer, had there been any, must have seen was forced.

Straight over the heads of that careless throng my glance met another glance, seeking mine. I could not have told from the distance of the platform, had I not already known it, that the beautiful eyes into which I was looking were a winey brown, but expression carries farther than color. I could not mistake the look of concern, deepening to terror, in those eyes, and I knew two things:

One, that I had another friend beside that lad of sixteen, who would leave no stone unturned to help me; and the other was that *Mademoiselle Desloge knew why I was arrested though I did not; and the knowledge froze her very glance with terror, while it did not for a moment shake her trust in me.*



BIRD POWER VS. AEROPLANE POWER.

From Kaempffert's "The New Art of Flying."
(Dodd, Mead.)

Mr. Kaempffert is managing editor of *The Scientific American*. His book answers the question "why flying machines fly" and furnishes the unscientific reader with accurate information as to many of the terms, problems, etc., involved in aeronautics. There is a glossary and index. One chapter is on aero-plane motors.

THE late Professor Langley long ago pointed out that the greatest flying creature which the earth has ever known was probably the extinct pterodactyl. Its spread of wing was perhaps as much as twenty feet; its wing surface was in the neighbourhood of twenty-five square feet; its weight was about thirty pounds. Yet this huge creature was driven at an expenditure of energy of probably less than .005 horse-power. The

condor, which is preëminently a soaring bird, has a stretch of wing that varies from nine to ten feet, a supporting area of nearly ten square feet, and a weight of seventeen pounds. Its approximate horse-power has been placed by Professor Langley at scarcely .005. The turkey-buzzard, with a stretch of wing of six feet, a supporting area of a little over five square feet, and a weight of five pounds, uses, according to Langley, about .015 horse-power. Langley's own successful, small, steam-driven model had a supporting area of fifty-four feet, and a weight of thirty pounds. Yet it required one and a half horse-power to drive it. How much power is required to fly at high speeds in machines may be gathered from the fact that although Blériot crossed the Channel with a 25 horse-power Anzani motor, and the Wright machine uses a 25-30 horse-power motor, aeroplanes usually have engines of 50 horse-power and upwards. When we consider that one horse-power is equal to the power of at least ten men, we see that even the smallest power successfully used in an aeroplane represents the combined continuous effort of more than two hundred men. To be sure, our flying-machines are very much larger than any flying creature that ever existed; but comparing their weights and supporting surfaces with the corresponding elements of a bird, their relative inefficiency becomes immediately apparent. Mr. F. W. Lanchester has expressed the hope that some day we may learn the bird's art of utilizing the currents and counter-currents of the air for propulsion, so that we may ultimately fly without wasting power.



WINNING THE VANDERBILT CUP.

From Webster's "The Girl in the Other Seat."
(Appleton.)

Anthony Longstreet, an engineer, who makes his living by driving racing-cars, so as to have time and money to devote to perfecting an engine he has invented, goes into partnership with Alfred Morris, also an inventor, and years older than Longstreet. Their motor is finished and in a trial run through rough mountain country proves successful. On the return trip in the dark Longstreet gives a girl a lift along the road, and while it is too dark for him to see her face, still her voice has an irresistible attraction for him. Circumstances point to the girl's connivance with people who wish to steal Morris and Longstreet's patent, but Anthony refuses to believe ill of her and bends all his energies to solving the mystery surrounding her. As a finale there is an exciting description of the Vanderbilt cup race.

THE crowds at the Hicksville corner and the sharp turn at the western extremity of the parkway got more in the way of sensations than they had bargained for. And always, even to the end, a car ahead in the road, whether it was one lap behind or three, seemed to goad him to a sort of fury of speed. They talk of him as Mad Anthony now, but he never had that title until this, the last race he ever drove. As he turned into the finish of his last lap, he found another car a quarter of a mile, perhaps, ahead of him, but four whole laps behind. Yet he came volleying down behind it as if the whole race had hung upon its capture, and ran it down just inside the finish line.

Then, as he slowed down, skidded his car over to the side of the track out of the way of his vanquished pursuers, and stopped in the heart of the crowd that had come surging out to greet and acclaim him, then, and not until then, did it occur to him to doubt the blinding conviction that had kept his brain on fire for the last four hours. It must have been a delusion, of course. Clarissa couldn't be here. And those who were shout-

back again, came back as suddenly as it had gone, when his glance fell on a small slight nervous figure of a man, almost an invalid one would have said, who was keeping his feet with difficulty in the heart of that pressing clamorous mob. Then their eyes met, and Longstreet, springing from the car, cleft an unceremonious way to where he stood and gripped his shoulders with his stiff hands.

"Morris!" he said. "Morris! She's here!"



From "Trails of the Pathfinders."

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MACKENZIE AND THE MEN JUMPED OVERBOARD.

ing his name and holding out their hands to him wondered why the light went out of his eyes, now, in the moment of his triumph, and why his face, all of a sudden, looked so gray.

But in a flash the light and the color came

Do you know where she is? Can you take me to her?"

Morris's eyes widened with a sort of uncanny wonder. He caught his breath to ask a question, then merely nodded.

"Come with me," he said.

SATON REMOVES AN OBSTACLE.

From Oppenheim's "The Moving Finger." (Little, Brown.)

In this story the hero, Bertrand Saton, a poor boy, is found dreaming of life as he wishes it were by Henry Rochester, an eccentric man of wealth. Rochester gives the youth £500 and tells him to go search for his dreams' fulfillment. After seven years Bertrand returns, a fascinating personality, about whom there hangs a mystery. He goes in for occultism and has a large following in a fashionable set. Rochester, who believes him to be a charlatan, and who stands between him and the girl he loves, now becomes Saton's dearest enemy. Saton has met the girl in her favorite walk on Rochester's grounds.

He kissed her, and she turned reluctantly away. She stole through the undergrowth back into the green path. Saton watched her with fixed eyes until she had turned the corner and disappeared. Then he seemed at once to forget her existence. He too rose to his feet, and stole gently forward, moving very slowly, and stooping a little so as to remain out of sight. All the time his eyes were fixed upon the gun, whose barrel was shining in the sunlight.

From the other side of the wood there commenced an intermittent fusilade. The shots were drawing nearer and nearer. Rochester stood waiting, his gun held ready. Pauline had retreated round the corner of the further wood, beyond any possible line of fire.



From "George Thorne" Copyright, 1911, by
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"I THINK—I THINK I SHOULD LIKE
TO HATE YOU."

Saton had reached the gate now, and was within reach of the gun and the bag of cartridges, which were hanging by a leather belt from the gate-post. He turned his head, and looked stealthily along the path by which Rochester had come. There was no one in sight, no sound except the twittering of birds overhead, and the rustling of the leaves. He

sank on one knee, and his hand closed upon the gun. The blood surged to his head. There was a singing in his ears. He felt his heart thumping as though he were suddenly seized with some illness. Rochester's figure, tall, graceful, débonair, notwithstanding the looseness of his shooting clothes, and his somewhat rigid attitude, seemed suddenly to loom large and hateful before his eyes. He saw nothing else. It was the man he hated. It was the man who understood what he was, the worst side of him—the man whom his instincts recognized as his ruthless and dangerous enemy.

The rush of a rabbit through the undergrowth, startled him so that he very nearly screamed. He looked around, pallid, terrified. There was no one in sight, no sign of any life save animal and insect life in the wood behind.

The stock of the gun came to his shoulder. His fingers sought the trigger. Cautiously he thrust it through the bars of the gate. Bending down, he took a long and deliberate aim. The fates seemed to be on his side. Rochester suddenly stiffened into attention, his gun came to his shoulder, as with a loud whir a pheasant flew out of the wood before him. The two reports rang out almost simultaneously. The pheasant dropped to the ground like a stone. Rochester's arms went up to the skies. He gave a little cry and fell over, a huddled heap, upon the grass.



THE GHOST AT UNCLE ROGER'S.

From Montgomery's "The Story Girl." (L. C. Page.)

The environment is the author's beloved Prince Edward Island, where Sara Stanley—the story girl—fascinates and thrills her playmates with weird tales of ghosts "and things." One evening, as the children are picnicing in a shadowy orchard near a closed house, the adventure of "The Ghostly Bell" befalls them.

You wouldn't catch any of us doing it. We were almost as badly scared as Peter. There we stood in a huddled, demoralized group. Oh, what an eerie place that orchard was! What shadows! What noises! What spooky swooping of bats! You couldn't look every way at once, and goodness only knew what might be behind you!

"There can't be anybody in the house," said Felicity.

"Well, here's the key—go and see for yourself," said Peter.

Felicity had no intention of going and seeing.

"I think you boys ought to go," she said, retreating behind the defence of sex. "You ought to be braver than girls."

"But we ain't," said Felix candidly. "I wouldn't be much scared of anything *real*. But a haunted house is a different thing."

"I always thought something had to be done in a place before it could be haunted," said Cecily. "Somebody killed or something like that, you know. Nothing like that ever happened in our family. The Kings have always been respectable."

"Perhaps it is Emily King's ghost," whispered Felix.

"She never appeared anywhere but in the orchard," said the Story Girl. "Oh, oh, chil-dien, isn't there something under Uncle Alec's tree?"

We peered fearfully through the gloom. There was something—something that wavered and fluttered—advanced—retreated—

"That's only my old apron," said Felicity. "I hung it there to-day when I was looking for the white hen's nest. Oh, what shall we

Story Girl, the ruling passion strong even in extremity. "It is about a ghost with eye-holes but no eyes—"

"Don't," cried Cecily hysterically. "Don't you go on! Don't you say another word! I can't bear it! Don't you!"

The Story Girl didn't. But she had said enough. There was something in the quality of a ghost with eyeholes but no eyes that froze our young blood.



Frontispiece from "The Return of Caroline."
Funk & Wagnalls Company.

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"I'VE COME TO HELP YOU, CAROLINE," HE STAMMERED.

do? Uncle Roger may not be back for hours. I can't believe there's anything in the house."

"Maybe it's only Peg Bowen," suggested Dan.

There was not a great deal of comfort in this. We were almost as much afraid of Peg Bowen as we would be of any spectral visitant.

Peter scoffed at the idea.

"Peg Bowen wasn't in the house before your Uncle Roger locked it up, and how could she get in afterwards?" he said. "No it isn't Peg Bowen. It's something that walks."

"I know a story about a ghost," said the

DURING the summer when every bookstore, newsstand, and train agent, is loudly declaring the attractions of the highest of light literature with automobiles, airships, fluffy girls, and dashing youths, doing all sorts of possible and impossible things, it is a pleasant change to turn to such publications as Thomas Nelson & Son's *New Century Library*. Here in volumes in a binding of limp leather and convenient size will be found the work of standard authors such as Alexandre Dumas, George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens, Jane Austen, Scott, in fact, practically all of the old favorites, whose appeal is as great to-day as it ever was.



POETRY also of the right kind makes ideal summer reading, and well selected and edited collections are eminently the right kind. The Oxford University Press has six such volumes ready, any or all of which would make a welcome addition to the list of books chosen for the season's reading. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is responsible for two of them, "The Oxford Book of English Verse, 1250-1900," and "The Oxford Book of Ballads;" St. John Lucas is the editor of two more, "The Oxford Book of French Verse, XIII Century" and "The Oxford

Century-XIX Book of Italian Verse, XIII Century-XIX Century;" "The Dublin Book of Irish Verse, 1728-1909" is edited by John Cooke; and W. Macneile Dixon is the editor of the "Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse, A.D. 1300-1900." This half dozen volumes gives a fairly comprehensive review of the poetry of Europe and more especially of Great Britain. They all come in two or three bindings, but whether in cloth or leather, they are well made and well printed. "The Oxford Dickens" and "The Oxford Thackeray" continue to hold their places among the many editions of these authors, as particularly satisfactory in every way.



From "Joyce of the North Woods" Copyright 1911,
by Doubleday, Page & Co.

PRESENTLY HE OPENED HIS EYES . . . AND
THERE SAT THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS
NEAR HIM.

A Select List of Books for Summer Reading

including all those mentioned or advertised elsewhere in this issue. The abbreviations of publishers' names will guide to the advertisements, which frequently contain more extended descriptive notes.

Any book mentioned will be supplied by us at the shortest notice

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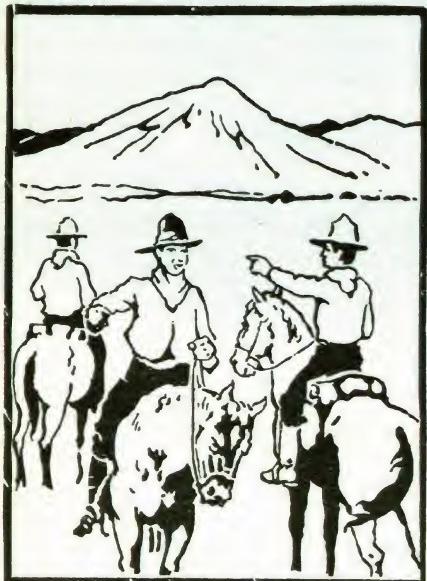
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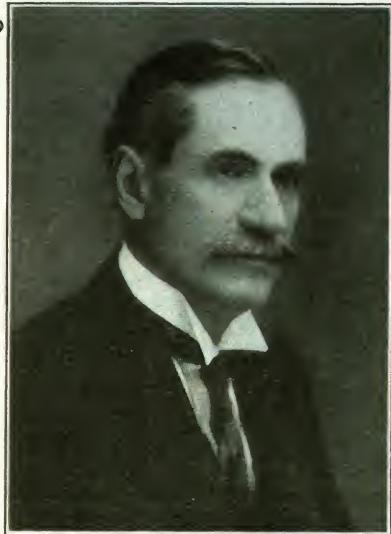
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